

Picturesque  *Guide*

THROUGH
WALES and the MARCHES

Dedicated by Permission to

His Royal Highness the

PRINCE of WALES

and countenanced by the Principal Nobility &c. of that

PRINCIPALITY:





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A
PICTURESQUE GUIDE

THROUGH

W A L E S

AND

THE MARCHES;

INTERSPERSED WITH THE MOST

INTERESTING SUBJECTS OF ANTIQUITY

IN THAT

PRINCIPALITY.

THE SECOND EDITION;

WITH CONSIDERABLE ALTERATIONS AND ADDITIONS.

By JAMES BAKER. *A*

VOL. I.

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TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

S I R,

YOUR Royal Highness having so particularly
countenanced this Undertaking, claims from me a gratitude
far surpassing the Pomp of Words.

As some compensation for such goodness, permit me to
assure your Royal Highness how much the People who have
the greatest interest in your present illustrious Title, are
gratified by this Gracious Regard to the **GUIDE
THROUGH WALES.**

With a heart acknowledging the high honour thus con-
ferred, I humbly intreat permission to subscribe myself,

S I R,

Your Royal Highness's most dutiful

Most faithful,

And most obedient Servant,

J. Baker.

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES

IN SENATE

REPORT OF THE
COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION

ADOPTED BY THE SENATE
MARCH 18, 1884
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PREFATORY ADVERTISEMENT.

I FEEL infinite obligations to those who have promoted this SECOND EDITION of my Work, and to those more particularly who are every day enriching it by their voluntary presents and literary contributions. It is in fact a virtual approbation of what I have effected under difficulties sufficient to stagger the firmest fortitude, and damp the keenest perseverance. It has likewise afforded rays of comfort amidst the most painful anxieties, and will operate as a powerful stimulus to future exertions.

As so many of my friends have been pleased to approve of the POETICAL ESSAYS which I have blended with my Description, I shall endeavour to pay every proper deference to their opinion; an opinion the more flattering, as they are the first Poems of mine that ever met the public eye; though my first ruder efforts in the Art procured me years ago the invaluable friendship of one of the best men and most eminent Poets of the present day—I need only mention the name of *Cumberland*: with pleasure do I seize this opportunity of expressing my fervent gratitude to that gentleman, for his favors to me have been such as no time can obliterate; and my acknowledgments, though tardy, are not the less sincere.

Nor

Nor can I withhold my ardent thanks from Dr. *Nash*, the learned Author of the HISTORY of WORCESTERSHIRE, &c. for his polite condescension in overlooking the Pref.; from the Rev. Mr. *Walters*, the celebrated Author of the WELCH and ENGLISH DICTIONARY, for correcting the Orthography of Welch Names; from the ingenious T. *Morritt*, Esq. Barrister at Law, Author of the PHILOTOXI ARDENAE and other Poetical Pieces, for the occasional assistance of his classical accuracy and enlightened taste; and to J. *Heely*, Esq. for his several Poetical Presents. Various other admirable Descriptive Verses are received, which, with other *useful favors*, will be duly noticed.

The Author has also particularly to acknowledge the following

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Note—A full List of Subscribers will be delivered with the last Volume, and particular instructions for the Binders to fix the plates to those pages of the letter-press which describe their subjects.

THROUGH

THE numerous relics of antiquity, and countless curiosities of nature, which in traversing this extraordinary country every where arrest the attention, have received many happy illustrations from eminent Authors pens. Great justice has been done to detached parts, but a complete description of the whole was a desideratum which fell to my lot to furnish: in doing this I have yielded to the strenuous solicitations of friends whom I have a pleasure and pride in obliging; but who, blinded by the partiality of friendship, did not foresee that such an arduous and complicated work was more than equal to the powers of a first-rate genius, and far superior to mine. I boast not the tender simplicity of a *Lyttelton*, the accurate penetration of a *Pennant*, or the

Vol. I. B bold,

bold, yet scientific colouring of a *Gilpin*, but I have endeavoured to make up in industry what I wanted in ability:—If my descriptions are not highly finished, they are at least correct; and though I do not always expect to gratify the critic, or enlighten the antiquary, I hope I have furnished a faithful guide to those whom curiosity may hereafter invite to scenes where art displays her desolated grandeur, and nature “sports at will her virgin fancies.”

S E V E R N .

Permit me to approach my subject under the auspices of the far-famed Sabrina, a goddess invoked by the remotest antiquity, and whose shores have been the theatre of so many important transactions and heroic achievements.

“ There dwells a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That sways with moisten'd curb smooth Severn's stream:—
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Locrine,
That held the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged step-dame Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course.
The water-nymphs, that in the bottom play'd,
Held up their pearled wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus' hall;
Who, piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gaye her to his daughters to embathe
In nectar'd lavers strew'd with asphodel;

And

And through the porch and inlet of each sense,
Dropt in ambrosial oils till she reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change—
Made goddess of the river."

The Britons called this river Hafren, because, say they, a virgin named Abren, or Sabren, was, by command of Queen Guendolen, cruelly drowned therein: and this virgin they farther relate to have been the fruit of Guendolen's illicit amours.

" Into the stream fair Abron's body cast,
" Gave name of Abron to the waters vast—
" Corruptly called Sabrina now at last."

Leland, with probability, supposes that the river took its name from *Aber*, which, in the British tongue, signifies the fall or emptying of a small river or water into a greater.

It is remarkable for the uncommon vehemence of its tides, which, according to *Ruder* and others, is occasioned by " the resistance it meets with from a current of fresh water, which seems to contend with it for superiority. They clash in such a manner as to dash the waters to a considerable height. This contest between them is called the Hygra, or Eager, probably from the French word *eau-guerre*, (water-war): the tide getting the better, marches up the stream victorious." But the phenomenon is, in my opinion, more philosophically accounted for by

4 SOUTH WALES.

Sir Robert Atkins, in his History of Gloucestershire, who says, "the mouth of the Severn opening to the great Atlantic ocean, the latter pours in its tide with great violence, and the river becoming narrow on a sudden, it fills the channel at once."

William of Malmbury says of this river, "there is not any in the land that has a broader channel, swifter stream, or greater plenty of fish. There is in it, as it were, a daily rage and fury of the waters, which I know not whether I may call a gulph or whirlpool, casting up the sands from the bottom and rolling them into heaps. Any vessel is in great danger that is stricken by it on the side: the watermen are used to it, and when they see this Hygra coming, they turn the vessel, and cutting through the midst of it, avoid its force."

The Severn is singularly useful for its extensive inland navigation, inasmuch as it opens a way from Montgomeryshire, in North Wales, through the fertile counties of Salop, Worcester, and Gloucester, to Bristol; and within a few miles of this place, the Wye and Usk drop their tributary streams into its capacious urn. The vessels commonly used upon this river, are trows or barges, which carry from 40 to 120 tons burthen; the former are adapted to the shallow streams of the interior navigation, while the latter
are

are so constructed as to combat the more boisterous element of the Severn sea.

The hobblers and bargemen by which they are navigated, are distinguished above all others, for hardiness and activity: this is partly attributed to the salubrity of their native air, and to their habitual exertions to encounter the dangerous obstacles in this navigation. The river Severn produces salmon of a superior quality; the royal sturgeon is more common in its stream than is generally known; and the salt tides nurture an innumerable quantity of eels, flat fish, &c. &c.

The chief conveyance over this river from London, Bath, and Bristol, to South Wales, is at the

NEW PASSAGE.

It is so called to distinguish it from the passage of *Aust*, or Old Passage; the New Passage house on the Gloucestershire side of the Severn, is about ten miles from Bristol, at which place a boat regularly attends to convey to the opposite side, the Welch Mail, and such travellers as go thither for that purpose, by the coach that leaves the Rummer Tavern, near the Exchange, Bristol, about half an hour past one o'clock each day. Such as do not come in the coach, are only admitted

mitted into this boat on courtesy. There is besides a common passage boat of larger construction, that attends each day at low water for all descriptions of passengers, to either shore, with their equipages, horses, &c. &c. and is as commodious as most vehicles of its kind.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

This county is supposed to take its name from the river Monow. (See Monmouth, Vol. II.) The ancient Welch boasted of this as the best portion of their country: it was brought into the circuit of the English Judges in the reign of Charles the Second, and is since commonly considered as an English county. The Passage House on this side the water is pleasantly seated on an eminence, and commands a diversified, extensive, and interesting prospect.

The following sketch is expressive of the general landscape of the country:—I have recourse to the aid of poetic measures, under an idea that my efforts, however humble, may sometimes serve to relieve the tedium of common narrative, and amuse the fancy at least, if they do not improve the understanding.

There the ascent, with softest verdure cloth'd,
Prolongs the view to where the trembling trees
Shut up th' horizon; on th' adverse side,
In stern magnificence, the beetling cliffs

With

With shades and sand embrown the deep; and there,
 Emergent only o'er the falling tides,
 Big masses rise " of merchant-marring rocks,"
 Whose craggy cones " in the mind's eye" assume
 The hoary semblance of *Palmira* fall'n,
 Or desolated *Athens*, " Eye of Greece."
 With vacant features, wrapt in thoughtless mood,
 See listless sailors pois'd on sitting rafts,
 Which, thinly scatter'd, speck the spacious Frith !
 But now the stronger gushes of the tide
 Rouse their lethargic strength, and all is bustle.
 Hark ! how the rattling blocks, and flutt'ring sails,
 And fighting waves, and intermingled shouts,
 Wake cavern'd *Echo* ! and the sea-sprung gales
 With lively whistle cheer the gen'rous toil.

Awhile *Sabrina*, I must leave thy shores,
 And haste to scenes more varied and more rare —
 Wild as the *Druid's* song, soft as the dream
 Of youthful loves, and as *Arcadia*, sweet,
 Where frolic nature holidays the time
 In painted meads, and rippling brooks, and woods
 Wide waving, cowslip beds, and banks of thyme,
 And mossy wilds forlorn. Transported thence
 I'll course the vaster coast, which pointeth still
 With stony finger to *cærulean* waves
 Majestic rising from the western sea.

Oft, while religious horror thrills my soul,
 Give me with pilgrim feet at close of day,
 To walk monastic rounds, dwell on the fall
 Of gothic grandeur ; mark the shattered arch,
 Or spell the mould'ring tomb. With awe-struck eye
 Let me explore the massive monuments
 Of ancient chivalry ; th' embattl'd tow'rs,
 The frowning fosse, and ivy-mantled piles
 Hewn by the hardy sons of other years —
 The blue-ey'd *Saxon*, or the ruddy *Dan*.

Nor

Nor inattentive let me pass the forts,
 Th' immortal stations, time-defying mounds,
 Form'd by the legions of imperial Rome,
 What time her eagles o'er old Cambria flew;
 Cambria, whose heroes on their *warrior* shields
 Receiv'd the steel-clad victors of the globe;
 While mountains thunder'd with the din of arms,
 And Britons whirling in their *scythed* cars.

The county of Monmouth has by historians been commonly reputed to contain the earliest and most considerable Roman stations in Britain; besides which the natives have many vague and problematical accounts of their having the first establishment of Christianity within the island: and the numberless ruins of ancient citadels and other extensive fortifications that every way solicit observation, induce something more than a presumption that it has been the strongest part of the Welch frontiers.

An original manuscript, once in the library of Llandaff, and afterwards in the possession of Sir Richard Perrot, Bart. says, "The second Legion of the Romans, in the third century, having landed on a rock (Cherrystone) off Sudbrook Point, from Oust (Aust Cliff), formed Sudbrook intrenchments, next Portscuit (Porthy Sgewin), then formed their famous city Venta (Venta Silurum):" the latter, *Camden* names "their chief city, and known before the name of Monmouth was heard of."—Other parts of this manuscript

manuscript represent "the Romans to have been driven by the Britons from Venta Silurum to Caerleon;" which last, according to Antoninus, "had the title of Legio Secunda, and in the British Kaer Lhelon, and Kaer Lhelon at Wyth," which is "the city of the Legion on the river Uth."

John Cofer, an ancient writer, says, "all the kings of the Saxon race held a congress in Gloucestershire, how to carry on the war against the Britons in the year 689:" According to *Florence of Worcester*, in the year 1063, "Harold set sail from Bristol, with a powerful force, on the same intention:" and both these hostile measures were most probably intended against these opposite shores of the Severn.

Ten minutes walk from the Passage-House, on a level eminence, enjoying the salubrious sea air, and the still varying prospects; on the water's edge, you find

SUDBROOK INTRENCHMENTS and CHAPEL.

This was doubtless a Roman work; for as *Camden* says, "the Roman bricks and coins here found, are certain arguments:" by his writing it appears to have had "ramparts, &c. belonging to it, high as an ordinary house."—There is still a triple ditch plainly distinguish-
C
able,

able, in form of a bow, which, with the remains of the chapel (almost obscured by wild variegated shrubs), is all that the invading sea has spared:—

“ — — the Severn,
 “ With a fierce current and a dreadful roar !
 “ Beats down the Romish camp on Sudbrook shore ;
 “ Where er’st the Brazen Eagle took her stand,
 “ When her victorious legions curb’d this land :
 “ But Severn’s tide reverses Britain’s doom,
 “ And forces, in her turn, the mounds of Rome.”

The chapel, *Camden* says, “ was named Trinity.” Near the middle of the ruin appears a flat stone, “ In memory of Captain Bletham Smith, buried 1757, aged 65 years.” Some neighbours remember him living on a competency he had acquired as Captain of a ship, in the Guinea trade from Bristol, and assured me his request was, “ to have his body after death buried in the sea,” adding, “ that having lived by the water, it best deserved his remains:” that at last the expostulation of his friends relaxed the stubbornness of his purpose so far as to admit his being interred in this mouldering mansion, where, he observed, “ the sea would soon reach him.”

It is proper to remark, that such as have horses and carriages at command, and would avoid Chepstow in their way through the country to Milford, may (by walking another pleasant
 foot-

foot-way of half a mile from hence) meet their attendants at Portscuit, which is a nearer road than the horse-way, and saves the delay of returning to the Inn.

PORTSCUIT or PORTHY SGEWIN.

According to Mr. *Warrington* and others, Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, in 1066, built a splendid house here, where King Edward, who then resided at Gloucester, paid him a visit. This house, says the same author, was afterwards destroyed by Gryffydd ap Rhytherch, who slew the people and servants belonging to Harold, and carried away the materials for building, which at great expence had been provided.

Other writers describe the building thus erected by Harold, as a castle or fortification, for the defence of a considerable port. The evident trace of a channel in the earth, that runs from hence to the Severn, gives much reason to suppose that the tides might once have reached so far. But time, the common enemy of human grandeur, has totally obliterated the building, nor "left a wreck behind."

I must here remark that the numberless curiosities both of nature and art, with which the vicinity of Chepstow abounds, are attained with little addition to the length of this journey; and St. Pierre's, Moin's Court, and Mathern Palace, have

have equal claim to attention, and are thus reached in the way thither. An excellent coach-road, of about two miles, leads to the first place, and from thence to Chepstow; but the most convenient is a foot-way, the first part of which runs for about a mile upon an embankment, to

St. PIERRE's.

This is the seat of Thomas Lewis, Esq. It is situated in a valley, and the principal view it commands is the Severn and its shores, on the English side of the water; but what it loses in extent of prospect, is compensated by rich surrounding verdure, woods, streams, and every provision for a comfortable country mansion. The principal views of the house are very irregular, owing to the various additions of different possessors, which, I am informed, would more than have built a very noble modern seat; an improvement sometimes prevented by that laudable veneration for antiquity, which disarms censure.

The proprietor is proved, by some old writing, to have been a Lewis, so early as the time of Henry III. from which period the family has held it in lineal descent to the present day. A quarter of a mile from hence, is MOIN's COURT, Little appears to give it note but the name; and a pair of uniform towers at its gateway, in apparent

rent good order, (partly Gothic) and seemingly of later construction than the neighbouring Palace of Mathern, which is known to have been the court seat; and that this was the episcopal residence is proved by the arms over the entrance. It was probably built by Francis Goodwin, Lord Bishop of Llandaff, author of *De Præfulibus Angliæ*, and who affixed the following antiquities which are still extant in the garden wall. The first, *Camden* proves to "have been a fragment from the Temple of Diana, found in a meadow near Carleon, on some chequered pavement;" which shews that Titus Flavius Posthumus Varius had there repaired the Temple of that Goddess. The second is part of a votive altar, from which, *Camden* says, "the name of the emperor seems to have been erased, when he was deposed by his brother Antoninus Bassianus, and declared an enemy; yet so as there are some shadows of the letters still remaining."

In the orchard adjoining to the house is distinguished the ground plot of a court more antiquated, and much larger in dimension than the present, which was anciently called Monk's Court, (supposed to have been the residence of Monks), and gave rise to the present name.

MATHERN PALACE

Is about two hundred paces from hence, to which the church nearly adjoins; but no part of the edifice exhibits any vestige of sepulchral state.

In the chancel of the church is an handsome epitaph, inscribed to the memory of Thomas Hughes, Esq. of Moin's Court, Clerk of the Crown for the counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, Brecon, and Radnor, who died in 1667. — On a brass plate are engraved the effigies of Philip Williams, and Alicia his wife, kneeling on each side of an altar, with the following inscriptions:

O CHRIST oure God, sure hope of healpe,
Besyde ye have we none;
Thy truth we love, and falsehode hate,
Be thowe our gyde alone.

In molten mettall or carved stone,
No confidence we have;
But in thy deathe and precious bloode,
Or fowles fro' hell to save.

And beneath

*Vermibus hic donor, et sic ostendere donor,
Hic veluti ponor, sic erit orbis honor—*

*Ornata ꝑ Henricum Williams,
Eorum filium, Anno Dom. 1590.*

The following is a transcript from a wretched scrawl on the plaistered wall, in the chancel of Mathern church:

“ Here

“ Here lieth the body of Theoderick King of
“ Morganock, of Glamorganshire, commonly
“ called Sir Theoderick, and was accounted a
“ martyr, because he was slain in a battle against
“ the Saxons, being then Pagans, and in defence of the Christian Religion. The battle was
“ fought at Tintern, where he obtained a great
“ victory. He died here, being in his way
“ home, three days after the battle, having
“ taken order of Maurice, his son, who succeeded him in the kingdom, that in the same
“ place he should happen to de cease, a church
“ should be built, and his body buried in the
“ same;” which was accordingly performed in the year 600. To which the following may be added from Bishop Goodwin: “ That Theoderick was King of Glamorgan, which then comprehended Monmouthshire, and was mortally wounded in a battle with the Saxons at Tintern, now Abbey Tintern, and died of his wounds where Mathern Church and Palace now stand: he was esteemed a martyr, and gave the manor of Mathern to the Bishops of Landaff for ever, and was buried there Anno 560.”

You will have a pleasant guide through the ruins of the palace, in the farmer who inhabits it: after a slight allusion to the past appropriations of this disguised and mutilated pile, you are humourously apprised how aptly the various offices

fices of ancient splendor are now suited to his several domestic purposes.—*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

“ That court contains my cattle—swine are there ;
 “ Here fowls and fuel—underneath is beer.
 “ Snug in that chamber, Sir, my corn is kept ;
 “ My clover yonder—where a King has slept :
 “ My dame, her curds, does in the chapel squeeze ;
 “ In chancel salt her chines ;—the font holds cheese.
 “ There died a Bishop,—here his ghost walk’d since,
 “ Until our Joan did fairly *scold it thence* :
 “ Oft rosy churchmen,—here to ease resign’d,
 “ On that great dough-trough,—then a table, din’d.”

The principal hall is thirty-two feet by sixteen, and twenty feet high ; the chapel was (before being divided for the above uses) about thirty feet by ten ; and over the gateway, now destroyed, appeared a curious hieroglyphical representation of the Trinity, with a Saxon date. This led into the first court, and the view shews the entrance into the second or inner court—*See plate*—the window to the left, is that of the chapel.

They shew you beside, the remains of a library, belonging to the See, which after having suffered all the various ravages to which it was necessarily subjected by its precarious situation, still seems to contain something worthy of preservation.

The way from hence to Chepstow, is upon a line of fertile inclosed lands, from one part of
 which

which the river Severn with much novelty attracts the sight; for that part of its shore, which is named Beachley-Point, screening one part, and the lands above and below Beachley concealing more, what remains upon the eye has the figure of two spacious lakes.

Hardwick-House, which the road nearly reaches, has a delightful situation, from whence, you may contemplate the superior attractions of the country about Chepstow; it commands the town as well as some of the river Wye in its junction with the Severn; and in other parts of the prospect many heads of clefted rocks appear shooting in spiral forms through the shrubby surface of the land.

King Edward lying at Aunft Clift, and Leolin Prince of Wales at Bethsey or Beachley, where the latter would neither come down to a conference, nor cross the Severn, Edward passed over to Leolin, who, seeing the King, and knowing who he was, threw his royal robes upon the ground, with which he had prepared to sit in judgment, leaped into the water breast high, and embracing the boat, said, " Most wise King, your humility has conquered my pride, and your wisdom triumphed over my folly; mount upon that neck which I have foolishly exalted against you, so shall you enter into that country, which
your

your goodness has this day made your own." Thus saying, he made him sit upon his robes, and joining hands did homage to him.

St. TREACLE's CHAPEL

Is near the mouth of the river Wye. A manuscript of great antiquity, with which I was favoured by Mr. Stephens, represents this edifice to have been erected so early as the 47th year after Christ, and dedicated to St. Treacle, the first female martyr. Its remains are perfectly visible at some distance below high water mark. This circumstance will add to the proofs I have to produce of the sea's constant encroachments on the Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire coasts; whilst northward on the Flintshire and Cheshire shores, much land has been gained from the sea.

CHEPSTOW

Is a Saxon name, and signifies a market or place of trade; it is called in British, Kaswent, or Castelh Gwent, and appears anciently to have been a place of considerable consequence: its walls, which are yet principally standing, extending far beyond the bounds of the present town.

Some Authors attribute the rise of Chepstow to the decay of Caerwent, or Venta; from whence the Romans retreated to this spot, as a more convenient situation for shipping, and more capable
also

also of defence. It is said, there were formerly five churches belonging to it, besides the priory; which last, called Great St. Mary's, is formed into a noble parish church, and is the only one remaining. The others were, St. Ann's, situated on or near the place where Mr. Saye's stone-house now stands; St. Nicholas's, St. Ewen's or Owen's, besides the church in the castle, and St. Kinmark's in the suburbs. Some of the oldest inhabitants say, they can recollect the first two of these, but it must have been their ruins; for *Leland*, in his Itinerary, speaks as follow: "The towne of
"Chepstow hath bene very strongly waulled as
"yet doth appere. The waulles began at the
"ende of the great bridge over Wy, and so came
"to the Castel, the which yet standeth fayr and
"strong not far from the ruin of the bridge.
"In the Castel ys one tower, as I herd say, be the
"name of Longine; the towne now hath but
"one paroshe chirche—the cells of a blake
"monke or two of Bermundsey by London, was
"lately there suppressed, a great part of cumpace
"withyn the waulles is now converted to little
"meadowes and gardens."

The Clares, Earls of Pembroke, were formerly Lords of this place, and there is no doubt but this family founded the principal part of the present castle, about the year 1219; and also the walls of the town, as appears by the arms on the south gate. The last of these, Richard, surnamed
Strong-

Strong-Bow, on account of his skill in archery, was the first who introduced the English power into Ireland. By his daughter, it devolved to the Bigots, and is now by descent the property of the Duke of Beaufort. Strong-Bow is said to have been born at Kinmark House, which stood a few fields westward from the town; near which spot was once held a market for supplying the inhabitants and garrison with provisions from the country.

At this place ended the famous dyke made by order of Offa, King of Mercia, from the northern coast, in Flintshire; as this included the town and castle, a strong proof arises that the latter was formerly a Saxon garrison against the Britons.

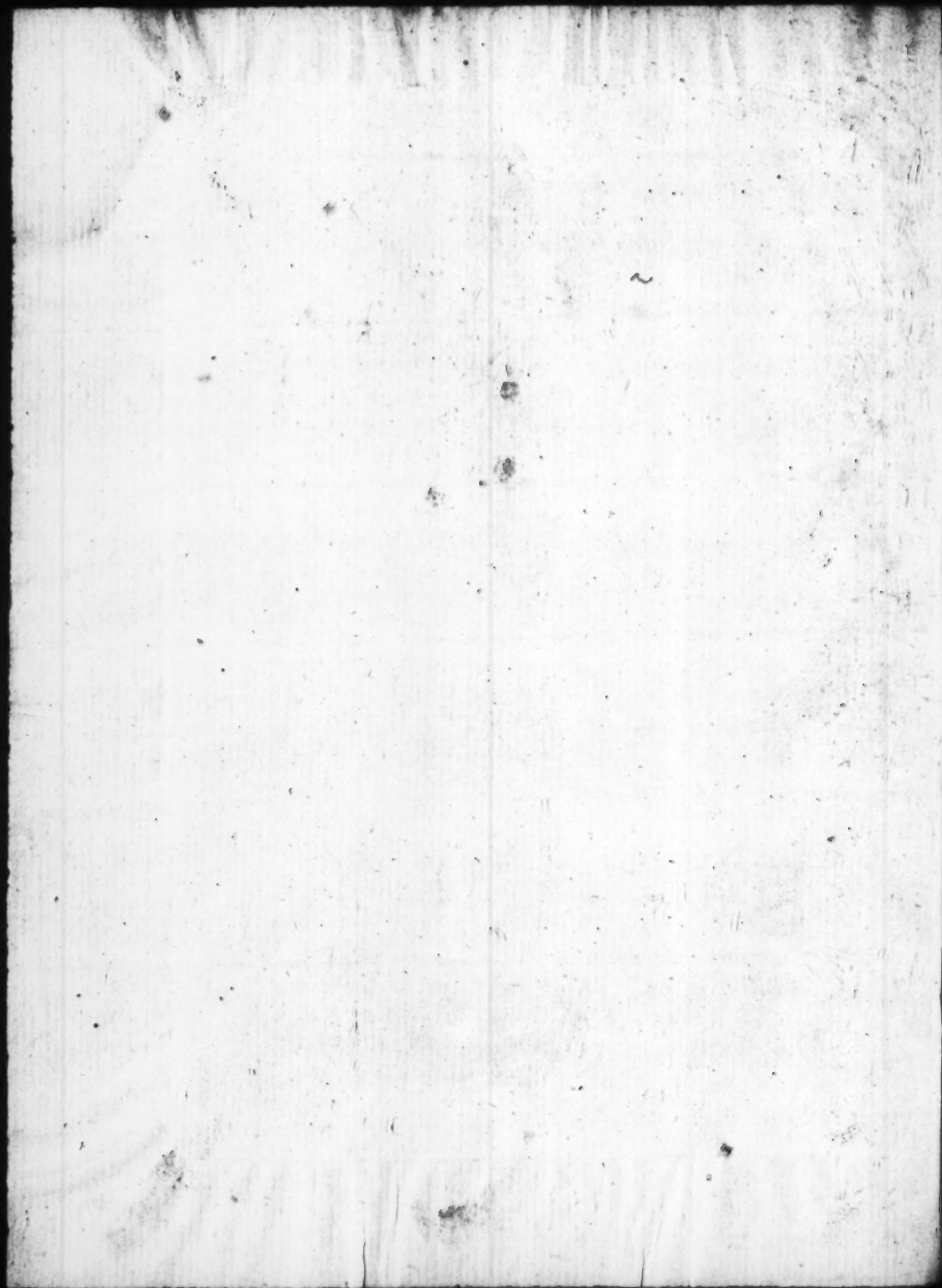
CHEPSTOW CASTLE

Is one of the noblest remains of military architecture in the kingdom. It is built along the ridge of a high perpendicular rock, the foot of which is washed by the river on one side, as is shewn in the view; and on the other it is separated by a deep chasm from the town; and consists of four courts, divided by screens, with gates, two on each side the keep, or citadel, which is a large square building, commonly called the Chapel, and was anciently feigned to have been built by Longinus, a Jew, the father of him who pierced our Saviour's side; who, for some crime
was

Chapman

Castle





was condemned to seek Britain, and to build something on the river Wye.

The first or lower court next to the bridge, in which is the principal entrance, contained the domestic buildings and offices of the castle, part of which is now fitted up into a neat and comfortable dwelling: and on the east side stands a large and remarkable tower, outwardly of a circular form, and very strong; in which was confined, for life, Colonel Martin, who was one of the regicides that condemned King Charles I.

In the troubles under this reign, Chepstow was garrisoned for the King; and, according to *Rushworth*, in October 1645, Colonel Morgan, Governor of Gloucester, at the head of three hundred horse and four hundred foot, assisted by the Monmouthshire men, made himself master of the town; and a few days afterwards, Colonel Fitzmorris, Governor of the Castle, surrendered himself and his garrison, on articles, prisoners of war.

In the spring of 1648, the castle was surprised by Sir Nicholas Kemeys, Mr. Thomas Lewis, and other active Royalists; who, in the absence of the Governor, Colonel Hewes, obtained possession of a port in the night, by means of a correspondence with some in the castle; when, notwithstanding one Cautrell, an officer, with a

E

few

few soldiers, retreated to the tower of the keep, where they for a while attempted a defence; it was taken, and Captain Herbert, with the garrison, made prisoners.

To recover this loss, a body of forces was speedily assembled by Col. Herbert, and Cromwell marched against it, in person, thinking to have taken it by storm. He soon got possession of the town, but unsuccessfully assaulted the castle; whereupon he left Col. Ewer, with a train of artillery, seven companies of foot, and four troops of horse, to prosecute the siege. But the garrison, consisting of only 160 men, gallantly defended themselves till their provisions were exhausted, and even then refused to surrender on assurance of quarter, intending to have escaped by means of a boat; but they were disappointed by the intrepidity of a soldier in the parliamentary army, who, swimming across the river with a knife between his teeth, cut the boat from her mooring and brought her away.

At length, on the 25th of May, the Castle was taken, Sir Nicholas Kemeys, and about forty men having been slain in the siege; which event was considered of such importance, that the Captain who brought the news was rewarded with fifty pounds, and the Parliament directed a letter of thanks to Col. Ewer, and the officers and soldiers employed in that service,

Industry,

Industry, and the spirit of commerce, have lately much improved this town from the state to which it was reduced after the civil wars; and it appears to be still progressively mending.

Within this century, no vessels visited Chepstow, larger than those employed on the inland navigations of Wye and Severn, and in the present generation, only four or five merchant ships of burden used the trade; but there are now always from twenty to thirty.

The bridge of Chepstow, which joins it to the county of Gloucester, is seventy feet high, formed of wood, and to look from it at low water, it really appears tremendous. This magnitude, the extraordinary height of the spring tides makes necessary, which rise here from forty to upwards of fifty feet, a greater swell than perhaps is known at any other place on the globe. In the premises of Mr. Evans, attorney, in Castle-street, there is a well which constantly ebbs and flows contrary to the tide, similar to Sandford's well in Glamorgan-shire, spoken so much of by *Camden*.

The church is an handsome structure, the old part consisting of Saxon architecture, with eight musical bells and an organ. At the upper end of the south aisle is a neatly decorated tomb, with stone figures of an Earl and Countess of Worcester; but the most remarkable is a memorial

rial of Colonel Henry Martin, commonly called Harry Martin: he was born at Oxford, where his father Sir Henry Martin then lived, was a Doctor of Civil Law, successively Judge of the Admiralty, and Dean of the Arches; in 1624, Judge of the Prerogative Court; and in 1628, served in Parliament as a Burgess for the University of Oxford. Henry, at fifteen, was entered a Gentleman Commoner of University College, where, giving proofs of pregnant parts, he had the degree of A. B. conferred on him in the year 1619. He afterwards went into one of the Inns of Court, and then travelled into France. In the year 1640, before the death of his father, who was Lord of the Manor of Longworth, and possessed considerable estates in Berkshire, he was elected one of the Knights in Parliament for that county; and in the war that soon afterwards desolated the kingdom, he sided with the Parliament; and when the King was vanquished and brought to trial, Henry Martin sat as one of his Judges. After the Restoration, he came in upon the proclamation of surrender, and had his life spared; but his estate was sequestrated, and himself imprisoned for life in Chepstow Castle, where he died suddenly at dinner, as reported by Anthony Wood, in the year 1680, aged 78, and was buried in the church of St. Mary, on the 9th of September in the same year. The following is a copy of his epitaph, written by himself, by way of acrostic, and which was taken

taken from his tomb-stone before the letters were obliterated by people constantly walking over it, and which I remember lying flat on the ground in the narrow passage leading from the middle into the north aisle, and exactly opposite to the reading desk.

HERE

SEPTEMBER *the Ninth,*

WAS BURIED

A True ENGLISHMAN,

WHO in Berkshire was well known,
To love his Country's Freedom 'bove his own ;
But being immured full twenty years,
Had time to write as doth appear,

HIS EPITAPH.

" Here, or elsewhere (all's one to you, to me)
Earth, air, or water gripes my ghostly dust,
None knows how soon to be by fire set free :
Reader, if you, an oft-try'd rule will trust,
You'll gladly do and suffer what you must.

" My time was spent in serving you and you,
And death's my pay, it seems, and welcome too :
Revenge destroying but itself, while I
'To birds of Prey leave my old cage and fly.
Examples preach to the eye—care then, mine says,
Not how you end, but how you spend your days."

The principal Inn in Chepstow, is the Beaufort Arms, which was built by his Grace the Duke

of that title, and is furnished with every convenience and accommodation. But there are other Inns that will be found convenient for the frugal traveller.

Regular market boats sail weekly between Bristol and this place. The passage is safe, and performed in two tides. The fare six-pence.

Five miles from hence stand the venerable ruins of

T I N T E R N,

which, with the intermediate scenery, claim particular attention; and to this end it is best to go up the river (for which purpose a boat is provided at the Inn for a guinea), and return by the road.

In the passage by water, the eye has a rich treat in the rocky scenery, and the foliage of the hanging woods that cover the summits, or adorn the sides of the cliffs with much variety, and beauty of colouring.

The secret avenues of the woods preserve the greatest abundance of foxes; many ravens are observed every year to build about Wind-Cliff, in this passage; and it is said the nightingales are here more numerous and melodious than in any other part of the kingdom.

He

Here frowning rocks salute the smiling glades,
And rising lights enliven sinking shades;
The groves inspired by vernal spirits play,
And waters sparkle with the blaze of day:
Scenes after scenes in just succession glide,
And keep due pace with the fast-pressing tide;
Here curious fancy well may wish to stray,
And tread the woody maze or clifted way;
Where in defiance high black ravens brood,
Where wiley Reynard hoards his pilfer'd food;
Where sweetest Philomel, on leafy spray,
Or tends her young, or thrills the gargling lay;
"Where no rude swains the shady cell can know,
"Nor serpents climb, nor blasting winds may blow."

Passing these enchanting views, on the right is Luncast-House. It has a pretty station in the centre of fertile meadows, which the river has cut into the form of a peninsula: from thence the scene constantly varies into happy compositions; in some parts small features of the rocks appear; in others, their rotting fragments have formed a rugged slope to the river; and the sliding soil, fertile by accident, artlessly spotted with evergreen, and detached masses of pendent pasturage, highly contributes to assist the contrasts of beauty.

After a passage of about five miles, the hills open from the river into a pleasing expanse of meadows, at the extremity of which appears

TINTERN ABBEY,

"In thick shelter of black shades embower'd,"

For it is a great way environed with higher hills than have hitherto been met with—hills which are cloaked with crowding shrubs, and every where darkened over with crooked oaks and sable self-set yew, while the harsh vibration of Wye's solemn murmurs, amidst the casual rocks, resound with mournful echoes through the whole.

This Abbey was founded for Cistercians, by Walter Clare, 1131, and valued at the dissolution at one hundred and ninety-four pounds. In it are remains of the monument and figure of the founder's brother, Gilbert de Clare, who died 1148; the nave is 230 feet by 33; the crochets is 160 feet long. It has fallen by succession to the Duke of Beaufort, who has taken great pains to clear it for the access and observation of visitors. Mr. *Gilpin* describes it—"A very enchanting piece of ruin: Nature has now made it her own: time has worn off all traces of the rule; it has blunted the sharp edge of the chisel, and broken the regularity of opposing parts. The figured ornaments of the east window are gone; those of the westward are left; most of the other windows, with their principal ornaments, remain."

"To

"To those were superadded the ornaments of time: Ivy in masses uncommonly large, had taken possession of many parts of the wall, and given a happy effect to the gay-coloured stone of which the building is composed. Nor was this undecorated; masses of various hues, with lichens, maiden-hair, pennyleaf, and other humble plants, had overspread the surface, or hung from every joint and crevice; some of them were in flower, others only in leaf, but altogether gave those full-blown tints which add the richest colouring to a ruin. Such is the beautiful appearance which Tintern Abbey exhibits on the outside, in those parts where we can obtain a nearer view of it; but when we enter it we see it in most perfection, at least if we consider it as an independent object, unconnected with landscape; the roof is gone, but the walls, pillars, and abutments which support it, are entire; a few of the pillars indeed have given way, and here and there a piece of the facing of the wall; but in correspondent parts, one always remains to tell the story. The pavement is obliterated: the elevation of the choir is no longer visible. The whole area is reduced to one level, cleared of rubbish, and covered with neat turf, closely shorn, and interrupted with nothing but the noble columns that formed the aisles and supported the towers."

When

When we stood at one end of this awful piece of ruin, and surveyed the whole in one view, the elements of air and earth, its only covering and pavement, and the grand and venerable remains which terminated both, perfect enough to form the perspective, yet broken enough to destroy the regularity; the eye was above measure delighted with the beauty, the greatness, and the novelty of the scene.

Beneath this solemn gloom surrounded yew,
A Guardian *Genius* dwells, if Fame says true;
Who oft at moonlight skims yon tangled maze,
Treads the lone paths, or in the valley strays;
Aloft now borne on Friendship's steady wings
He soars, to heal the wounds affliction brings;
The tear he wipes, impels sweet hope to glow,
When sleep denies, and daemons sport with woe.

As once within this pensive shade I lay,
Breathing the pure mellifluous scents of May;
While round on every bush, attun'd to love,
The jocund birds in sweetest warblings strove;
A gentle slumber, soft as genial air,
Stole thro' my nerves and silenced all my care;
When lo! in sylvan garb before me stood
The sacred *Genius* of the many wood;
Around he threw his eyes with look benign,
His hand he wav'd, when thus the form divine—
“Mortal be wise—be wise,” again he said,
“And in the path of virtue constant tread;
“Lives there the man to vice a willing slave,
“But stands the finish'd coxcomb, fool, or knave?
“Till lost to fame, to dire disease a prey,
“He pensive sighs, and pines his hours away:

“Be

" Be *wise*, let honour ev'ry action guide,
 " Ambition shun, and shun the slaves of pride.
 " Ah ! wouldst thou taste of life's transcendant joy,
 " Far from a vicious world for ever fly ;
 " There *Peace*, to few alas ! but little known,
 " Eyes her lov'd vale—for solitude's her own ;
 " There *Wisdom*, *Virtue*, *Health*, the *Goddess*'s join,
 " And on the brows of worth their wreaths entwine."
 While thus with gracious smile the phantom spoke,
 A sudden start my pleasing slumber broke ;
 I rose, while Conscience faithful to her trust,
 The moral vision own'd and own'd it just,
 So *Truth* when'er her heav'nly strains she sings,
 Strikes error dumb, and sure conviction brings.

H.

In the village there were once considerable
 iron-works carried on by means of the river ;
 but the improvements in agriculture having
 cleared much of the woody lands through the
 neighbourhood, and thereby diminished the
 necessary supply of charcoal, many of them are
 consequently neglected ; and this, in some de-
 gree, accounts for the wretchedness to be ob-
 served among the labouring poor. Much of
 the road from Tintern to Piercefield,

" Lies thro' the perplex'd paths of the drear wood,
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wand'ring traveller."

Leaving this, you are charmed with more ex-
 tensive and pleasing views of the country than
 any that have yet presented themselves, and
 they are continually changing their character all
 the way to the boundaries of

PIERCEFIELD

PIERCEFIELD WALKS.

The attractions of this delightful place have so long been held in esteem by the few of taste, and the many of fashion, that but little can be added to its celebrity. How well the alterations produced by the late proprietor, Mr. Smith, will bear a comparison in the eye of all those who have the original plan in remembrance, will be hard to determine; for my part I cannot help regretting the loss of many a grace, ingeniously contrived to improve, without adulterating its native charms.

It is a circumstance of concern to all, that the original improver of this happy spot, after enjoying it with ample fortune and universal esteem, by uncommon vicissitudes of life, sunk insolvent into the gloomy mansions of a prison, whence he was only rescued by the hand of pity, to perish in hopeless dependance at little more than half the common age of man.

ON THE LATE
VALENTINE MORRIS, Esq.

'Twas Damon, simplicity's friend,
Embellish'd this life-giving scene,
Gave the woods a more magical bend,
And the vales a more beautiful green.

The grots so fantastic and gay,
The taste of their shepherd confess;
And Nature was pleased to survey
Herself in a holiday dress.

And

And visiting strangers were free,
As swallows that welcom'd the Spring,
Or fresh honey-blows to the bee,
Or larks to his lawn from the wing.

From the brow of the daisy deck'd hill,
He courteously pointed each spot;
The cliffs and the lime varnish'd vill,
The ruinous castle and cot.

When sun-beams more vertical rose,
He led through the sun spangled shade,
To a moss matted bed of repose,
In the cooling recess of a glade.

And there with complacence and ease,
The stores of his mind he'd impart;
The jest that was certain to please,
The story that went to the heart.

But alas! how uncertain the joys
Allotted to mortals below!
A storm wing'd its way through the skies,
And filled the gay landscape with woe.

It shiver'd the oak's branch on high,
And blasted the shrub to its root;
The gum fountains instant were dry,
And vine trees let fall their rich fruit.

The bounds with rude trespass were broke,
And wolves forc'd the flocks from their folds;
The herds their old pastures forsook,
And hawks drove the doves from their holds.

The garlands of May-day are torn,
The revels of harvest are o'er;
The nymphs press their bosoms forlorn,
"And the dance on the green is no more."

" Poor Valentine Morris, whom Shenstone, among a thousand other people, envied; whom poor old Thicknesse more sinned against, than sinning, relieved; and whom some of his nearest relations left destitute, or insultingly tendered him a pityful dole of broken victuals, when his high heart was breaking in the King's Bench Prison!—He who communicates this article, saw him taking in a petty measure of milk in a brown pan."

After returning from Piercefield to Chepstow, a very good turnpike road leads into the post road to Newport—it passes the village of *Crick*. Mrs. Lewis, late of St. Pierre's, has a handsome house here; the Village otherwise is of little account.

CALDECOT CASTLE,

Which is seen from the road, has no memorial of its founder; but the Gothic arches prove it to have been built in the Norman age: its principal, and almost only, remains appear in the annexed Plate.

The face of nature, through most of the ensuing stage, is not so eminently distinguished for picturesque beauties as many other parts of this county; but those portions, which have been properly improved, and used in agriculture,
are

are found greatly productive, whilst the meadow lands are always rich, and sometimes luxuriant.

C A E R W E N T.

It is generally understood that this rose many years ago out of Venta before-mentioned, a very ancient city, four miles to the west of it, which flourished in the time of Antoninus—the whole country was called from it Gwent; Went-fet, and Wents-land. It was farther, as we read in Tathaius, a British Saint; an University, or place appropriated to literature, over which this Tathaius presided with much credit.

A superb tessellated pavement in the mosaic stile, may be seen in the village. It was discovered in the earth in 1777, and Mr. *Wyndham* asserts it to be no ways inferior to those beautiful pavements which are so carefully preserved in the Palace of the King of Naples at Portici. Much is remaining of the ancient fortifications of this town, particularly on the north side, where great portions of its walls and forts are presenting themselves in awful durability and much beauty.

A short way from the Rock and Fountain Inn, (which the road passes) on the high part of a conical point called a Knoll, the fortified mansion of *Penhow* suddenly presents itself. This was sometime the residence of the family of St. Maurs,

Maurs, and its stile and situation lead to a supposition that it must have been erected by an early branch of that ancient family.

Two miles short of Newport stands

CHRIST-CHURCH.

This village is on a considerable eminence, commanding a most extensive prospect. In the church there is a notable sepulchral stone, which the inhabitants say "belongs to some Saint." Whence this fancy should arise, is not easy to guess; for the inscription that remains, only says that a man and his wife are buried there; their figures were slightly traced on the stone, and are very perfect, though four hundred years old.

Upon this stone, on a certain night in the year, men, women, and children, who are weak in their limbs, are brought from distant parts to lie from sun-set to sun-rising; after which, they tell you with wonder, some have been known to recover from their maladies. That this, and numberless instances of similar prejudices, should still exist among some of the least enlightened members of society, few will be surprised who observe the superstitious respect paid to it by the ancient Welch writers, examples of which every where appear in the productions of *Giraldus Cambrensis*; *Jeffery of Monmouth*; *Caradoc Lloyd*, of *Wrexham*; *Charles Edwards*, &c. &c. and as other
writers

writers, of better credit, have given such an imperfect and superficial History of Ancient Wales, I shall too often have only the above dubious guides to rely on. But no one has exhibited this imagery of infected reason in higher colouring than the Rev. Mr. Jones, in a recent publication which he calls the History of his Parish, (Aberystwith, Monmouthshire) which is now read by the cottage scholars of the neighbouring mountains, with equal avidity and faith.

“ The sons of infidelity seem much averse unto, and affect to speak with levity, and ridicule apparitions, as if they were the posterity and scholars of the ancient Sadducees, against whom the Scripture speaks. But in the name of truth, why is it that these men can give no sober attention to great numbers of honest men, who have their wits about them as well as they, are as far from lying and falsehood as themselves can be, and who attest these things ?

“ In former times, more than at present, there were frequent appearances of the Fairies in Wales: they are no doubt evil spirits belonging to the kingdom of darkness; they were seen and heard by some person or other continually, and sometimes by several persons together, at all hours in the night, and sometimes in the day; but in the night more than in the day, and in the morning and evening of the day more

than about noon, abundance of people saw them, and heard their music, which every one said was low and pleasant, but none could ever learn their tune—heard their talking like that of many talking together, but their words were seldom understood; but, in appearance, they seemed to *dispute* much about future events, and what they were to do: whence it became a proverb in the parish concerning disagreeing persons, “Ni chydunant hwy mwy nâ bendith eu mam-mau;” they will no more agree than the Fairies.

“They were desirous to entice people into their company, and some were drawn into it, and remained among them for some time, usually a whole year; as did Edward William Rees, a man whom I well knew, and was a neighbour. They rather appeared to an uneven number of persons; to one, three, five, &c. and oftener to men than to women. Thomas William Edmond, of Havodavel, an honest pious man, who often saw them, declared that they appeared with one bigger than the rest, going before them in the same company.

“They very often were seen in the form of a funeral, before the death of many persons, with a bier and a black cloth, surrounded by company. The instances of this were so numerous, that it is plain, and past all dispute, they could infallibly foretel the time of a man's death.

“Going

" Going with my aunt Elizabeth Roger, my mother's sister, somewhat early in the morning, by the way side which we were passing, I saw the likeness of a sheepfold, and within it a company of people, some sitting down, some going in, and others coming out, bowing their heads as they passed under the branch of a dried tree, I think of hazel, which was fixed over the door. It seemed to me as if they had been dancing, and that there was a musician; I well remember, the resemblance of a fair woman, with a high crowned hat and a red jacket, who made a better appearance than the rest, and whom, I think, they seemed to honour. I still have a pretty clear idea of her white face, and well formed countenance: the men wore white cravats; and I always think they were the perfect resemblance of people living in the world before my time.

" These Fairies, (he farther observes) seem not to delight in open plain grounds of any kind, nor in watery places, but in dry grounds, not far from hedges," the shade of green trees, the hazel, and the oak, he seems to mark as their favourite haunts.

Next, with the mighty power of Balhan, Gath, and Patagonia; the Anakims, the Emims, and Zamzummins, with Finmaccaul the Scot, and Colebran the Dane; he suborns a host of mortal strength in ancient *British giants*; the which he

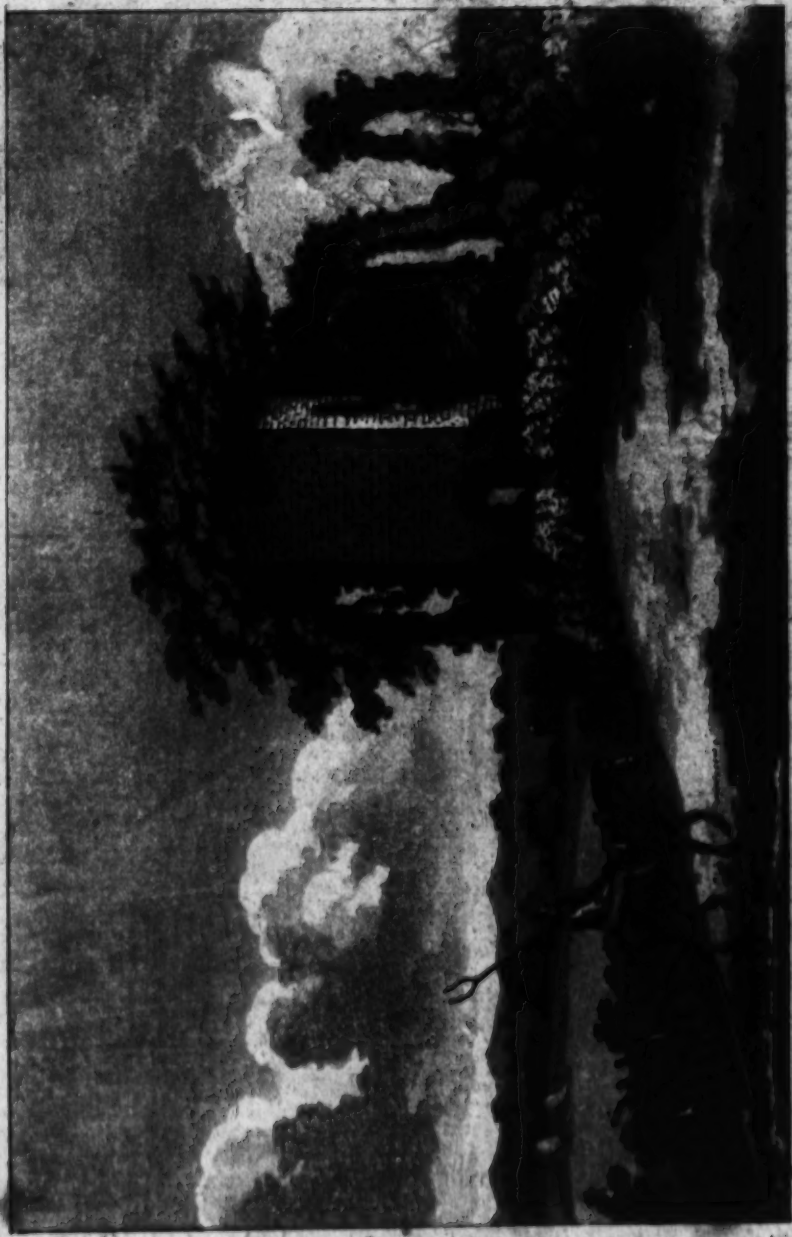
whimsically associates with these puny tribes of supernatural adventurers. I cannot forbear introducing the following Stanza with which *Milton* has so beautifully painted these lights of reason and religion, which have so generally exploded these bug-bear superstitions:

" So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd in cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
'Troop to th' infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted says."

In Aberistwith parish he says is " Bôdd-ey-gwr-her (the tall man's grave)—Going with the corpse from Blaenê-Gwent Lanwenarth church, where the Blaenê-Gwent people were buried before the church of Aberistwith was built; it growing late, and the weather tempestuous, and having to pass in a boat over the river Uſk, before they could reach the church, discouraged by the difficulty and the extraordinary weight of the corpse, they buried him there: the distance from the foot stone to the head stone is thirteen feet, and allowing a foot for each end for the space between the stones and the corpse, the length of the body *must be eleven feet long.*"

The road from Christ-church to Newport has a great descent for more than a mile, and passing





Singul Castle.

ing the vale of Usk, reaches Newport Bridge ; at the southernmost extremity of the level.

CHEPSTOW to ABERGAVENNY

Is by Piercefield and Ragland ; at the latter place it joins the principal road from Gloucester and Monmouth, to Brecon, &c. &c. which appears in Vol. II. About three miles from Chepstow is Itton Court, built by J. Curr, Esq. the neat church of Itton, which seems adjoining to it, adds to its picturesque beauty, and the prospects from it are every way commanding. From Itton to the village of Shire-Newton is the nearest way from Chepstow to

STRIGUL CASTLE:

This was built, as appears from *Doomsday Book*, by William Fitz Osbourn, Earl of Hereford, and afterwards made the residence of the Earls of Pembroke, of the house of Clare, whence they were afterwards called Earls of Strigul.

The country, for a great extent on the left of this road, is low damp land, and thence named the Moor ; where this marshy land points farthest towards King-road, or the end of the Severn, is Golden Clift ; remarkable for producing stones of a golden colour, on which the sun glitters with wonderful brightness, and which has given rise to many conjectures that that metal might be found beneath the surface.

On

On the same border of land was Audy, celebrated for the seat of the Seymours, or St. Maur's family; some trifling marks of it still remain, but there is no track left of the Priory which is written of in this neighbourhood, and related to have been founded and patronized by the Chandos family.

The road from the New Passage to Abergavenny crosses the village of Crich to Ragland, &c. another road leads from Crich through Llanvair-discoed

To U S K,

Wentwood, and Chepstow Park: in this way were formerly considerable nurseries for timber, and are said to have abounded with deer; they were the property of the freeholders of Monmouthshire at large, until conferred by grant of King Charles the Second to a former Marquis of Worcester, as a recompence for services which the First Charles received from that nobleman during the civil wars. This, with numberless other possessions in the same neighbourhood, have descended to the present Duke of Beaufort.

U S K and CASTLE

Take their name from the river, on the eastern side of which they are situated: Usk is a very inferior market town, yet possesses some neat houses,
with

with a very handsome modern-built Town Hall. This place, in one respect, is extremely singular and striking; and what is seldom or ever met with, its four streets form a large and nearly an exact square, the area of which is composed of gardens and orchards, and when seen during the blossom from any of the adjacent hills, has a very uncommon and beautiful appearance.

The lovers of landscape, from this delightful spot, will be highly gratified, every part is so happily held to the eye in such picturesque beauty.

* The Three Salmons, the George, and the King's Head Inns, have decent accommodations. The annexed plate is the best prospect of the remains of its celebrated castle; the inner court is ninety paces long, and from fifty to sixty wide, nearly of an oval form; the Chapel is on the western side, and is circled with four towers: east of it is the keep; and there is an inner court of about fifty paces wide, as a half circle to the whole; defended with smaller towers, and a strong gateway. *Churchyard* says, King Edward the Fourth, his children, and Richard the Third, have slept in it. It appears to have been, as *Camden* expresses it, "Great, strong, and fair." There is no account of its founder, or early possessors; the stile of the keep, chapel, the inner and outer courts, towers, &c. are very similar to these

those of Chepstow, and this similarity gives great reason to believe that it is nearly of the same antiquity: it is the property of the Duke of Beaufort. *Leland* says, "Near the river a flight shot from the town, was an Abbey of Nuns." A mile and half north-west from it, is a large camp, called *Craig-y-Gaerkig*; near which was *Stavernon-house*, where Roman coins have been found. Some beauty is discernible in the external aspect of the church, but it is poorly ornamented within. On one of the pews there remains the antique inscription spoken of by *Camden* and others.

A few fields east from hence, on the old Monmouth lower road, is a curious antique Bath, the water of which has, time out of mind, been held in great repute for curing sore eyes. It is now in a ruinous state, but intended to be re-edified, with the following inscription over the door, written by a gentleman who had occasion to remember its efficacy:

Ye nymphs who guard this pure salubrious spring,
Still in its bosom all your treasures bring;
So shall those eyes yet dim, inflam'd and sore,
Regain their fire and sparkle as before.

H.

About two miles from the Rock and Fountain,
within the country that lies east of the Newport
road,

road, is Pen-y-Coed or Pencoed Castle; the former is the Welch name, and signifies the top or end of the wood. The best account I could gain of its antiquity, was the native legend, which pronounces it to have long been used as the residence of a principal ranger or keeper of Wentwood, which forest is described to have anciently reached so far. It is now the property of Captain Mathews, of Llandaff.

Magor, in this way, was another ancient fortification; it is within one mile of the Severn sea, the tides of which nearly flow to it: there still remain some of its port walls, of wonderful thickness, in which chains have been sometimes discovered that had evidently been used in mooring vessels. The stones which compose it are foreign, and the place is supposed by many to have contained a city of the Romans.

A few miles farther on this stage, a road leads on the right hand to Kemes-Inferior, the residence of Mrs. Lord.

Some of the best prospects in this county are from the heights about Christ-church, eastward; the hills of Gloucestershire are seen rising over the Severn and uniting with those of equal heights in Somersetshire. More south, across the wide plains of waters that comprise a part of the Severn sea, the cliffs of Devon appear in re-

moter perspective over the Holms Islands, and the low lands about Cardiff. In the westward view, Rupera, the seat of Colonel Morgan, rises conspicuous with the delightful eminence on which it is situated. Farther are seen Fwyn, Barlwm, and the Machan mountains; the latter is marked by the scite of an ancient Beacon on its summit, that shews itself to an astonishing distance both in England and Wales; on the right of these, the evergreen groves of Pontipool Park are happily sheltered by the tremendous Gelli-grafog hills behind them; and the Scyrid and other vast mountains direct the sight aside the vale that winds with the river Usk to Aber-gavenny, and from thence to where the Breconshire hills skirt with their purple tints the extreme horizon. Again, nearer, and to the north, Mynuad Llwyd shews its smooth brows over the rugged parts of Wentwood; while the Moors, the Severn, Newport, Caerleon, Llanwern, and Witton, compleat the stupendous circle of beauty.

Llanwern loses none of its apparent elegance in a nearer view; for it is well finished, and looks on spaces of water and lands enough below it, to preserve sufficient elevation: it was built in the year 1760, by Charles Van, Esq. sometime Member for the Borough of Brecon, and father to the lady of the present possessor, R. Salisbury, Esq. The latter is the nearest male descendant

descendant from the ancient and honourable family of that name, late of Denbighshire.

Witston is an handsome modern dwelling, but its situation in the Moor will prevent its producing, though aided by the best embellishments, picturesque effect. It is finishing by Nash, at the expence of William Phillips, Esq. proprietor of the Moor lands for some extent about it.

On the right of Christ-church, where the meandering Usk glistens through the plain, amidst distant uplands, you perceive

CAERLEON,

or the city of the Romish legion, on the river Usk; for *Caer* in the British language signifies city or castle, and because the Roman legions which were sent into this island were accustomed to winter in this place, it acquired the name of Carleon.

“ Come learned lore with lofty stile,
And lead these lines of mine;
Come gracious gods, and spare a while,
To me the muses nyne.

King Arthur's reigne, tho' true it were,
Is now of small account:
The fame of 'Troy is known each where,
And to the Siles doth mount:

Both

S O U T H W A I L E S .

Both Athens, Theabes, and Carthage too,
We hold of great renowne.

What then, I pray you, shall we doo
To poor Caerleon towne ?

King Arthur shure was crowned there ;
It was his royal seate ;

And in this town did sceptre bear,
With poompe, and honour greate.

And Archbishop, that rubrick height
Did crown this King in deede :
Five Kings before him bore in sight,
Four golden swords we reede.

What court he kept, what acts he did
What conquest he obtaynd,
And in what princely honour stil
King Arthur long remayn'd.

Queen Guenever was crowned likewise,
In Julius church they say,
Where that sower Queens in solemn guise,
(In royal rich array)

Five pignons white bore in their hands,
Before the Princesse face,
In sign, the Queen of British lands,
Was worthie of that grace.

Caerleon lodged all these Kings,
And many a noble Knight ;
As may be prov'd by sondrie things,
That I have seen in fights.

The bounds have bene nine miles about,
The length thereof was great ;
It shews itself this day throughout,
It was a Prince's seat."

Vide Churchyard, written in 1738.

From

From every account, says a learned author, "this was doubtless the residence of King Arthur, that Arthur whom the Britons even to this day speak of so idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not false tales: seeing it was he that for a long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen." *Whitaker*, in his *History of Manchester*, gives him the following masterly character: "He was enterprising, but cool; judicious, but resolute; circumspect, alert, and vigorous. He laid his measures with the greatest prudence, and he executed them with the greatest spirit. He never attacked an enemy but he defeated him—He never engaged in a battle but he obtained a victory." That no doubt may remain of the existence of this incomparable hero, who is said to have died in the year 540, he informs us, "that his tomb, coffin, and bones were, by the order of King Henry II. sought for and found, containing the following inscription:

"Hic jacet sepultus inclitus Rex Arturius in Insula Avalonia."

"This city is of great fame and antiquity, and was strongly fortified by the Romans with brick walls; many remains of its ancient magnificence are still extant, such as splendid palaces, which emulated with their gilded roofs the grandeur of Rome; for it was originally built by the Em-

peror, and adorned with stately edifices, immense baths, ruins of temples, and a theatre; the plan of which is still visible. Here we are led to admire both within and without, the walls, subterraneous buildings, aqueducts, and vaulted caverns; and what appeared to me most remarkable, stoves so excellently contrived as to diffuse their heat through secret and imperceivable pores. The city is finely situated on a bank of the navigable Usk, and is surrounded with a pleasant variety of woods and pasturage."

The above was written in the twelfth century, by *Giraldus Cambrensis*; and there is great credit given to its being a just representation of what Caerleon then exhibited.

An eminent historian, who lived in the reign of Henry II. calls this place the *Ilea Silurum* of the Romans; and says, "that besides the many splendid palaces and castles which it contained, there were three most noble churches, one of which was dedicated to Julius the martyr, a second to St. Auron his companion, and the third was the metropolitan see of Wales."

In the time of Henry II. this place seems to have been of considerable strength; for we find that Erwyth defended it a long time against the English forces, till at length being overpowered, he was obliged to abandon it.

Part

Part of the Roman walls are still visible, but the facings have long since been removed for private uses. Near the centre of a field adjoining to the west wall of the town, is the theatre (or, more properly, the amphitheatre above-mentioned); the form of it is nearly oval: all vestiges of its walls are lost; but the diameter of the area is very large, being terminated by a surrounding intrenchment of earth.

Scarce any remains are to be found of the latter castle; which was of the Norman age: the keep is remarkably lofty. Thus we see the mutability of human invention, and every other matter connected with this transitory state that must inevitably fall victims to the corroding tooth of time, which neither the splendor of the Roman Emperors, their magnificent palaces, amphitheatres, and other noble edifices, can resist: but while we behold their mouldering walls and tottering ruins, the mind is struck with awe at the grandeur of their architecture; and we must acknowledge, though in days of darkest superstition, when we might suppose genius to be depressed, the wonderful and stupendous productions of their art, as the strongest effort of human abilities.

Many of the Roman bricks mentioned by Camden, are to be met with—Leg. II. AVG.

is strongly imprinted on them in relieve; and
LE. CL. AUG. In the possession of one of the
inhabitants is a tile twenty inches in length,
and seventeen broad; it is of a bright red complexion, and bears the latter inscription.

The late Mr. Norman, of Caerleon, was in possession of a Roman ring, which was discovered some short time since: it is a small intaglio, finely engraven, and represents Hercules struggling with a lion: it still remains in its original setting of gold.

Some labourers digging about sixty years since in a quarry between Caerleon bridge and Christchurch, near a place called *Porth-Sini-Cran*, discovered a large free stone coffin, in which they found a sheet of lead wrapped about an iron frame, curiously wrought; and within the frame a skeleton. Near the coffin lay a gilded alabaster statue of a person in a coat of mail, holding in the right hand a short sword, and in the left a pair of scales; in the right scale was a female bust; in the left, which was outweighed by the former, a globe.

Capt. Matthias Bird, who was on the spot at the time of the discovery, gave this statue to the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford: the feet, right arms, and scales, have been broken some
years

years, but the rest of it is tolerably well preserved, and some of the gilding remains in the interstices of the armour. It seems rather a Christian figure, perhaps from the side of some tomb, representing St. Michael weighing a human soul against the world, as on Glastonbury Tar, he is weighing the devil against the Bible; it has the scaly or feathery appearance usual in paintings and carvings of angels, and the right hand may probably have held a sword or spear: both the coffin and the statue may have been found on the site of an ancient church-yard.

Besides the antiquities already mentioned, here were discovered a chequer pavement and a statue in a Roman habit, with a quiver of arrows; but the head, hands, and feet, were broken off. From an inscription on a stone found near it, it appeared to have been the statue of Diana.

At the same time were also found, the fragments of two altars of stone with inscriptions; one of which appeared to have been erected by Heterianus, Lieutenant-General of Augustus, and proprietor of the province of Silesia. Here were also found votive altars; from the inscriptions of which, the name of the Emperor Gota appears to have been erased. Many other antiquities were dug up here, and in one of them, was evidently a Roman

man vessel: there was represented on it the figure of a man condemned to be starved to death in prison, and his daughter nourishing him with her milk through the grate.

Some of the houses of this town are fashionable, and are built of freestone from the neighbouring quarries; but there are not any public structures that merit notice. In the church, an extraordinary rib-bone, upwards of 5 feet long, is preserved for the inspection of the curious, who are left to form their own opinion of its production: the inhabitants shrewdly suggest, "it must have belonged to an uncommon giant or huge fish."

A tolerable turnpike road passes on the west side of the river Usk, from this town to that of Usk, on the right of which is seen Tredynog church, wherein is preserved the Roman inscription which *Camden* represents, as relating to a Roman soldier belonging to the legions quartered in these parts.

Between two and three miles of Usk, on the left of this road, is seen the handsome seat of William Adams Williams, Esq. This family had once the title of Baron; and the honorable possessors appear to have formerly resided at Llangiby castle; some small remains of which
are

are still existing near the present mansion, which is named after it. Less than a mile from hence, farther on the hill, is Pen Park, belonging to Adams Williams, Esq. senior: here is still seen on each side the river, a continued change of that expanded scenery, with which the Usk in all its course abounds. It is only navigable about two miles above Caerleon, although it is a heavy stream for at least forty miles farther in the country, through Monmouthshire into the middle of Breconshire; and though it has not those frequent borders of grotesque rocks, which so happily dignify Wye, it is every where embellished with a fascinating variety of towering hills or climbing woods, and the meanders of the stream occasionally winding through some of the most delightful vales of the country, particularly about Usk, and for several miles below and above Abergavenny. The deeper parts of the river are abundantly stocked with salmon and trout, of superior quality; and the frequent shallows give such advantages to the anglers, that many admirers of that diversion are induced to spend their spring months on its borders.

One who sometimes participates in these rural indulgencies, has kindly presented me with the following poetical effusions in praise of them; and

and I presume they will be thought sufficiently interesting to the subject for my insertion of them at this place:

Hail gentle Spring ! thy sweets now burst around,
Now cowslips bloom, and hare-bells grace the ground ;
Kind soft'ning suns along the vallies gleam,
And Anglers happy seek the sportive stream :
Delightful art ! how great thy friendly pow'r,
That knows to cheer the melancholy hour,
To teach at once the troubled mind to bear
Oppressive ills and soften fell despair ;
With thee no feelings sad are ever known,
Health, pleasure, peace, and ease are all thy own.

Give me the verdant banks of Usk to rove,
Where trouts and samlets wanton play ;
There revel in the sport I fondly love,
And waste the live long happy day.

Shou'd ever gloomy thoughts disturb my rest,
And raise the melancholy sigh ;
To ease the load oppressive in my breast,
I seize my rod, my line and fly.

Serenely then I hail the groves and fields,
Or walk the meads where flow'rets spring ;
Enjoying all that Nature's beauty yields,
While sweet the warbling blackbirds sing.

Now on the shrub-fring'd border of the stream,
With warmest expectation mov'd ;
Again those rays of pleasure round me gleam,
As oft before my feelings prov'd.

And shou'd the trout with gold bespangled scale,
Refuse the imitative bait ;
Those tempting arts I use which sure avail,
And still with smiling patience wait.

Tho'

Tho' shy the game, my sport I yet pursue,
 Nor disappointment do I know ;
 I hear the birds, the lovely landscape view,
 And with soft pleasing transports glow.

But when soft breezes on the water play,
 The stream, nor low, nor yet too high ;
 Complete is then the triumph of the day,
 And trouts voracious nobly die.

Let others boast as more sublime the chase,
 And madly range the country wide ;
 Contented I more humble joys embrace,
 And find them on this river's side.

No risque of wound or fractur'd limbs I run,
 Or fatal dislocation dread ;
 No equal danger from the bursting gun,
 But safe the path of pleasure tread.

H.

There is a good turnpike road also leading from hence to Pontypool, leaving Llantarnam less than a mile on the left.

LLANTARNAM

Was once the dwelling of Sir Edward Morgan, Bart. The antiquity of the present building appears in the date 1508 affixed to the porch leading to the hall ; but the same scite is represented to have once contained an Abbey. This report is highly confirmed by its Welch name, which in English is, " the Abbey Church, or the Cathedral." In the attic story is a spacious room, formerly used as a chapel: some relics of painting

L

ing

ing and sculpture are to be found ; but there is nothing of sufficient excellence or originality to claim particular notice. It has lately had proprietors from many families ; the present are Charles Fettyplace and Edward Blewit, Esqrs. jointly.

PONTYPOOL

Is in the parish of Trevthyn, in the church of which is some monumental sculpture, in honour of the Hanbury's. It is a small irregular, but busy town, situated on the river Tarvin or Avon Llwyd. It derives great advantages from its vicinity to the iron works, coal mines, &c. besides its inhabitants have been very successful in manufacturing the japanned iron wares, in which art they have the credit of surpassing all their contemporaries.

The above Hanbury family have a handsome seat here : the present proprietor is a minor, an ancestor of whom, for three succeeding generations, was representative in parliament for the county of Monmouth : the present inhabitant is F. Stoughton, Esq. The park, which adjoins the town, has the rapid Tarvin within its pale ; and is rich in various and beautiful eminences ; plentifully wooded, and well stocked with deer : the best view of the house is from the west, or upon entering the town from Caerleon.—The Crown and Anchor is the best inn.

The

The prospects all the way on this stage are strikingly diversified, sometimes bold and extensive, particularly to the westward, where the long ridges of Twyn Barlwm, Machan, Mynyddmaen, and Gellegrafog, rise to uncommon heights, encircling the vast stratas of iron, coal, lime, &c. &c. with which the internal or mountainous parts of Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, and Breconshire; are impregnated for a circumference of at least eighty miles, including the several parishes of Trevthyn, Lanover, part of Lanfeist, Aberistreth, Bedewelley, Gellygare, Merthyr, Aberdore, &c.

Except Castle Morlais and its vicinity, (a description of which is given in the stage from Brecon to Merthyr,) these wide circles seldom shew those natural attractions which have in all ages influenced the inclinations of the higher orders of society in the choice of their residences. Here are no relicks of antiquity to charm the fancy, no elegant improvements to captivate the eye; for except a few heathy patches, shrivelled fences, and straggling sheds of human wretchedness, the country for miles together is extended in uniform nakedness. But nature is no step-dame, she is still impartial. These desolate regions appear to possess internal value which, assisted by the arts of industry, may
produce

produce as much happiness and comfort as the richest vegetation in the best cultivated valleys.

What, tho' no flow'rets these bleak hills adorn,
Nor herbage blows, nor nods the stately corn;
Has partial nature ev'ry boon deny'd?
Dwells ev'ry virtue in external pride?
Approach ye sons of art!—embosom'd deep,
Here mineral stores, metallic treasures, sleep:
Approach—these churlish regions will afford
The future ploughshare and the latent sword;
Drag hence the slumb'ring anchors, to retain
The storm-tost vessel 'mid the howling main.
Let Spanish slaves that smart beneath the lash,
Dig to the centre for their *yellow trash*;
If *use* is excellence, these hills supply
Treasures that barren splendor far outvie.
Children of nature shall the point decide,
Unwarp'd by fashion, undebauch'd by pride—
The Sons of OTAHEITE, we are told,
The valu'd iron grasp, but spurn the proffer'd gold.

These inexhaustibly rich mines of iron stone, with those of coal and lime, used in its manufacture, have allured ingenious and industrious enterprizers in such arts from all parts of the kingdom; and within these ten years it is computed that they have furnished employment to two thousand workmen; which, on a fair calculation, must have encreased the population of the above-named parishes, through which they are dispersed, at least five thousand souls.

The opinion which the public entertain of these valuable works may be fairly appreciated
by

by their having subscribed within these few years upwards of two hundred thousand pounds for effecting three different inland canals, from the sea side, as far as possible, into the bases of those mountains nearest the works; by which their ponderous productions may, with the more facility, be exported to their proper markets. The one intended from Newport to this eastern side, will be the most extensive. There is a good road now nearly finished and extending seven miles from Pontypool to Blanaſon iron-works; where the Tarvin becomes a stream of ſufficient force to give motion to numberleſs mills and forges, in its way to the Uſk, near Caerleon.

There is another road hence to the Beaufort iron-works, distant twelve miles; likewise to these of the Cwmbwy, Sarrowy, &c. &c. &c. In these volcanic regions art is triumphant; the powers of mechanism displayed in the various engines, excite almost as much astonishment as would the fabled Cyclops forging the thunderbolts of Jove.

The Beacon mountains are here the most conspicuous, extending from Aberistrith parish to within a few miles of Brecon; these, with others of equal altitude, produce grouse: many woodcocks resort to the watery dingles between them; and the most trifling streams have the trout.

From some of these vallies the hills are at intervals seen breaking into heavy masses of rocky foregrounds, which happily harmonizing with the smoother distances, form scenes of sublimity.

I think it proper to remark of these mountains, and others in Wales, that they are more subjected to mists and fogs than those which have fallen under my observation in the other parts of the kingdom. It is likewise a singular phenomenon, that when the vallies are apparently filled with mist, the hills are most clear; from whence it appears to a beholder enchantingly beautiful: perhaps you may fancy the appearance of an undulating ocean; or at other times you may perceive it slowly sinking from the brightening hills, in a more awful semblance of the wasting deluge. It likewise, in turns, leaves the vallies to gather only on the hills; and the beholders below observe its huge masses resting on the summits, or rolling on the mountain sides in most delightful and romantic forms.

“ Sometime we see a cloud that’s dragonish;
“ A vapour sometime like a bear or lion;
“ A tower’d citadel; a pendent rock;
“ A fork’d mountain, or blue promontory,
“ With trees upon’t, that nod into the world,
“ And mock our eyes with air.”

Within about a mile of Newport, on the left hand of the aforesaid post road, is Maindy, the residence

residence of W. Kemeys, Esq. and near it is the vestige of an old British encampment. By Maindy, a road leads from Newport to Nash, Goldcliff, Wittston, Redwick, Magor, &c.

NEWPORT, *and* CASTLE.

The castle is said to be built by Martin, Lord of Kemeys. By the Welch it was called Tref-dith Castle. Previous to the year 1172, it appears to have been garrisoned by the Earl of Bristol's men, who basely slew Owen ap Caradoc, when he was coming to treat with King Henry, unarmed, and almost unattended, under the faith of a safe passport promised him by that king; but Jorwerth ap Owen ap Caradoc, his father, in revenge for his cruel and treacherous treatment, carried fire and sword almost to the gates of Hereford and Gloucester. What remains of this structure is evidently of the Gothic order of architecture. It has not an appearance of splendor; but seems principally intended to protect the passage over the river Usk.

The tide of the Usk at Newport, nearly answers the description I have given of that of the Wye at Chepstow; the bridge which crosses it at this place has a more awful appearance than that at Chepstow, because more ruinous. A model for a single arched bridge to this tremendous stream, has been formed and presented by Nash,

the architect; which does great credit to his mechanical talents: but at a meeting since held by the county gentlemen, the single span of 300 feet, which, when completed, would have refounded so much to the honor of the architect and the county, was rejected by a strong majority, and one of several arches determined upon.

Hugh le Despenser is likewise proved to have resided here. In a petition presented by him to parliament, in the 15th of Edward II. he sets forth, that this, with his castles of Cardiff, Ker-fili, Llantrissant, Talman, Llanblethian, Kene-feg, Neath, Dreffelan, and Denevor, were plundered and burned by the Earl of Hereford, Roger Mortimer, and his nephew of the same name; and that divers other great personages were confederated against him, heading a body of eight hundred men in arms, five hundred hobelers,* and ten thousand footmen.

Leland calls it a very fair castle belonging some time to the Buckingham's. It was in ruins so early as 1645, and was then the property of Philip Earl of Pembroke.

The town is small, and very indifferently built, but has considerable trade in ship-building, in exports of iron, timber, bark, &c. and from

* Such as are employed in towing vessels.

from hence, as from Chepstow, great quantities of provisions are shipped to Bristol, the distance being nearly the same.

It is likewise the port of the grand Monmouthshire canal navigation. This canal runs a circuitous course from the border of Usk to the river Tarvin near Pontypool; and from the last place makes its way to various works within the Monmouthshire hills: another principal branch is intended to be added to this, which is to course other vallies to the productive mountains of Breconshire.

While yon rich source of industry and health,
Wide o'er the nation spread the nation's wealth;
Restless labour each obstruction mocks,
Forces the mounds, and cleaves the rugged rocks.
Hail, liquid plains! by art's attraction drawn
To scale the steep, or sweep the distant lawn.
What tho' no beauteous curves your course displays,
Nor o'er your surface trembling foliage plays;
What, tho' your waters, indolent and still,
Boast not the music of the tinkling rill;
Nor Naiads here their amber tresses lave,
Nor Muses strew their laurels o'er your wave?
Hail, fertilizing streams! where'er ye glide,
Reviving commerce wooes your gentle tide.
By you, rich presents every hour are sent
To father Thames, to Severn, or to Trent.
The deserts smile, and plenty waves her horn;
And chearful labour sings in wilds forlorn.

It

It is remarkable, that Newport is at present a parish without a church, divine service being performed by the minister of St. Woolos, an adjoining parish, though the church is situated so as to appear a part of Newport. It is on the whole a handsome structure, standing on a fine eminence, which commands the town and river. There are some remains of very ancient and elegant sepulchral erections. The general road from

NEWPORT to CARDIFF.

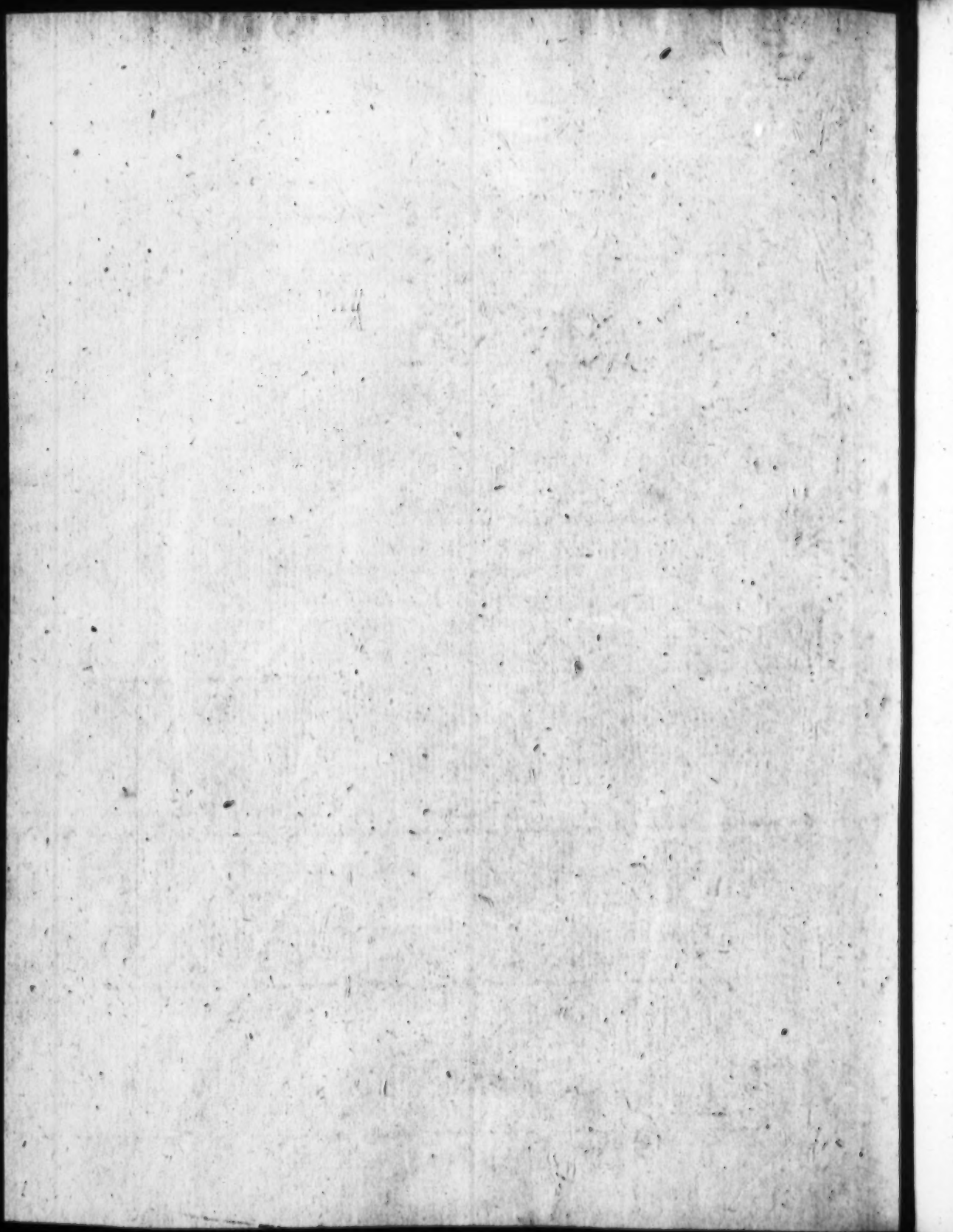
Is through Bafaleg, a small village adjoining Tredegar park.

TREDEGAR HOUSE

Is seen from hence; it lies upon what is called the lower road from Newport to Cardiff, and which joins this (upper road) at the village of St. Melon's; it is considered something nearer than the upper road, but the latter gives the view of Rupera, and Kaven Mable, hereafter mentioned. Tredegar, accommodated to the consequence of its possessors, is an extensive and superb mansion, erected by Inigo Jones for F. Morgan, Esq. in the year 1626. The possessions attached to it are immense, extending on the fertile borders of the Ebwy, towards Caerfilly, and on the rich level of Wentlooge. The parks, which are distinguished as the lower and upper,

Christy's





upper, are abundantly stocked with deer; and its streams have great variety of native and exotic water fowl. From the upper park, a bird's-eye view of the house is best. Its contiguous offices, extensive avenues of remarkably large oaks and beeches, interspersed with subordinate plantations of evergreen groves, and every where intersected by walks, and pasturage, altogether form a most magnificent sight; though, for so great a master, the house itself is heavy and flat, as was the original level on which it was raised. The apartments are highly finished, and the furniture and paintings, sculpture, and other decorations, various and costly.

This family of Morgan is of extraordinary antiquity, the following relation of it has the greatest credit, and being a faithful specimen of Welch genealogy, I have given it at full; it is the preface to a late publication of the Works of *Dafydd ab Gwllim*, who was commonly called the Welch Ovid, and who lived in the reign of Henry II.

"The father of Ifor Hael, or Ifor the Generous, was Llewelyn ab Ifor, ab Llewelyn, ab Bledri, (who came from Dyfed to Glamorgan in the time of Jestyn ab Gwrgant), ab Cadifor, ab Archer, ab Gwyn, ab Collwyn, ab Elfad, ab Gwefus Sflwch, ab Jo, ab Adam, ab Llyfri, ab Rhi, ab Cynan."

"The

"The eldest son of Llewelyn ab Ifor, was Morgan ab Llewelyn, Lord of Tredegyr, in the parish of Maesaleg, and his second son was Ifor Hael, or the Generous Lord of Maesaleg, y Wonnallt, and Gwern y Cleppa; their mother was Angharad, the daughter of Sir Morgan ab Meredydd, ab Gruffydd, ab Meredydd Gethin, the son of Rhys ab Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales."

"Ifor Hael died without heirs, and his estate came to his nephew, Llewelyn, the son of Morgan ab Llewelyn; and from him in a direct line are descended this worthy family of the Morgans of *Tredegyr*; and the ancient inheritance is still entire in their possession: and if any merit, arising from a register of ancestry from remote antiquity, can add to the honour of their character, they certainly have a claim to one, which, for its completeness, may be opposed to the pedigree of any other family on earth."

"Ifor Hael's house at Maesaleg, has disappeared years ago. Gwernycleppa has been a heap of ruins a century at least. Gwenallt still remains a large fair building in the manner of the age of Ifor Hael; and there is no reason to doubt but it is as old as that period."

"Both Gwenallt and Gwernycleppa, are in the parish of Maesaleg, in Monmouthshire; though it was anciently a part of Glamorganshire."

A short

A short way eastward of Tredegar is an old entrenchment called Craig y Saeson, which imports "The English Camp;" and in the upper park of Tredegar are the remains of another very formidable British one.

CASTLE TOWN

is in this road; in Welch, Casbach, or small castle. The only vestige of which is a large tumulus of earth, which might have been the scite of its keep. It is ingeniously converted by Mr. Phillips into a proper ornament of his garden. The scite is less in extent, but in form like that at Caerleon.

At Newton, in the parish of Marlfield, near this place, some of the family of the Van's appear to have resided as early as 1566; for an ancient record informs us, that in that year Dame Jane Van escaped from her garret window in a boat, in order to avoid the danger of an unaccountable high tide, which in that year had nearly overwhelmed all Wentlooge level, with the Moor or Caldicot level, on the other side of Uik.

At St. Mellon's, the Severn sea, the Holmes Islands, and Hills, in Somersetshire, united, with an extensive inland country, constitute a *tout ensemble* at once rich and beautiful.

On

On the upper road aforementioned, which joins the lower one in this point, is Pen-y-lân, another British encampment; and farther from hence to Cardiff, near the entrance into Rumney Marsh, is Castlefield; and the entrenched earth demonstrates the propriety of the appellation.

The River RUMNEY,

which you then cross, rises in Breconshire, and passing near Bedwellty, Gelligare, Kevenmably, &c. falls into the Bristol channel about two miles on the left. Its course separates all the part of Monmouthshire next Glamorganshire, and for some way divides it from Breconshire: it is only navigated by lighters and boats to this place. A good turnpike road leads from Bafaleg through the valley of the river Ebwy

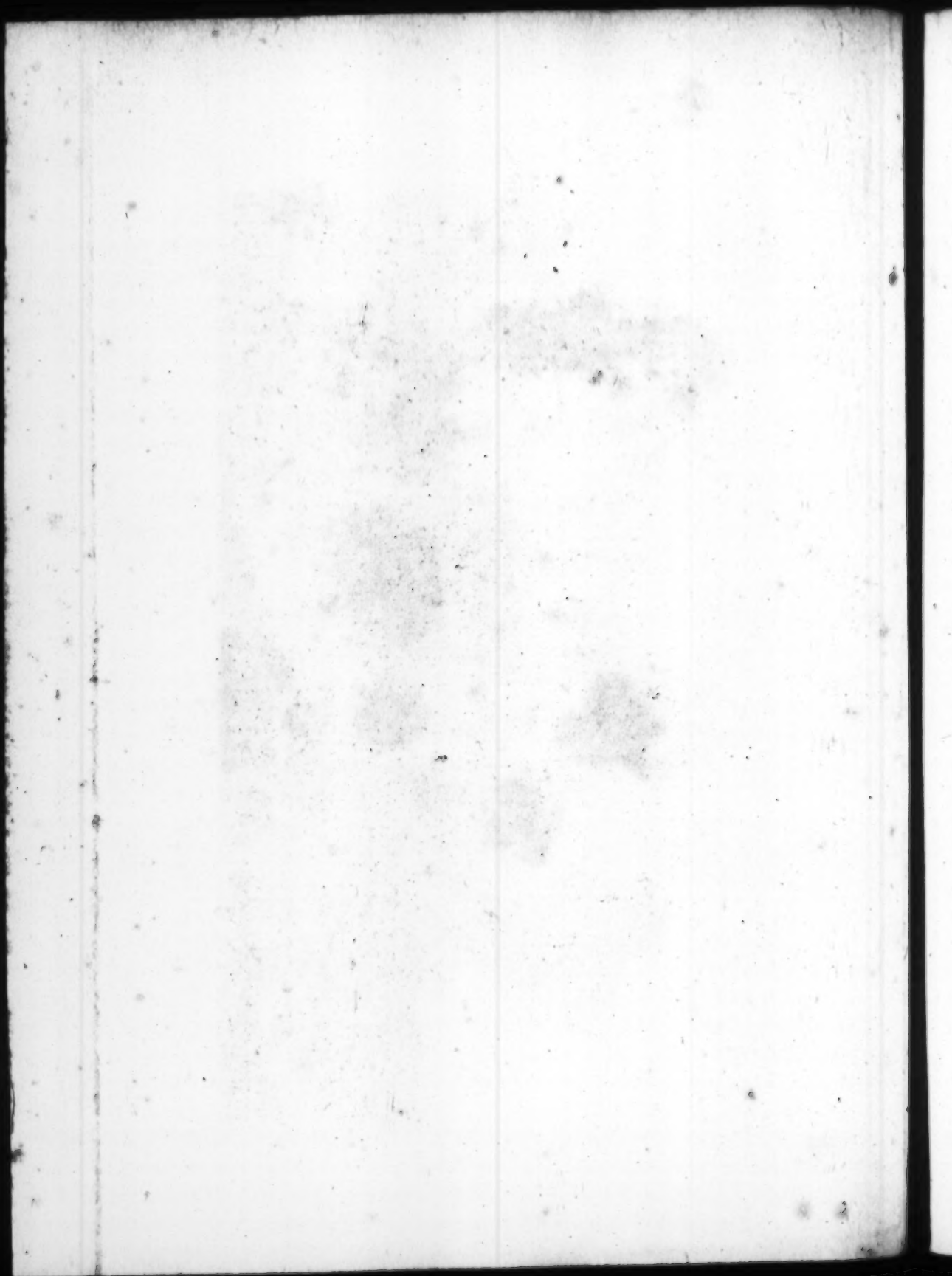
To CAERFELI, (or CAERFILY).

Entering this road you observe some remains of Rogeston Castle—this building, from the great obscurity in which it has been uniformly involved, gives reason to suppose that it was never a place of much labour, or grandeur: it was in all probability what *Churchyard* calls a Watch-building; for so he terms Greenfield Castle, which some time stood below Newport.

Four miles farther on is Machan Place, the seat of the Morgans for many ages back: and
in



Caerfilyr Chapel & Hanging Tower.



in the church are several handsome monuments to their memory.

In the lands near Machen and through other parts of the Tredegar estates, there are valuable lead and calamine works; other parts are alternately enriched with veins of coal and limestone. On the river, which continues to associate with the road through its passage to Caerfily, are various mills and iron forges. On the descents, between the highlands and the river, there is much pasturage, which is sometimes beautifully sheltered with woodlands; and the eye of curiosity is every where feasted with delicious objects, until the lacerated walls, rifted towers, enormous mounds of earth, and multitudes of inferior ruins enchain the attention, forming the awfully magnificent spectacle of

CAERFILY (or Bel's) CASTLE.

Late as I wander'd o'er these squalid heaps
Of mould'ring grandeur, the meridian sun
Shot from his burning axletree a ray
That stifled sense—my spirits sunk—I slid
The sidelong turf, and dewy-feather'd sleep
With kind oppression seiz'd me; when behold
The sun was darkness; thro' the vault of heav'n
The wind sung surly; straight 'twas calm again:
That instant, issuing from a lucid cloud,
A form terrific wav'd his hoary wings
And shook his hour glass, while his better hand

VOL. I.

O

Brandish'd

Brandish'd a gleaming scythe!—each moss-grown pile
Shudder'd while thus he spoke:

“ My name is Time!—

“ Time the destroyer!—yes, one frown from me

“ Rifted yon tower; yet e'er the ruin fell,

“ I paus'd! and left it hanging as thou see'st,

“ To puzzle reasoning reptiles like thyself.—

“ Once more this venerable victim view,

“ Stupendous Bel! crumbling into dust!

“ Who rear'd the mighty fabric? prythee ask

“ The sculptur'd stone, or legendary tale,

“ Yet these are languid efforts of my arm:—

“ Where are the boasted Babylonish walls,

“ *Palmira's* temples, *Babec's* gorgeous dooms?

“ Egypt's proud pyramids, when I command,

“ Stoop to their base; the pillars of the earth

“ Shall shake; the sun and all the hosts of heav'n

“ Reel from their spheres; and nature breathe her
last.

“ And yet oh! horror! 'tis decreed by fate

“ That I must fall; tis register'd in heav'n

“ That *Time shall be no more*—abford'd and lost

“ In that wide vortex, which I dread to name—

“ Eternity; a sea without a shore!

“ Tremble not mortal at the vast abyss!

“ By me befriended, fear not thou my foe!

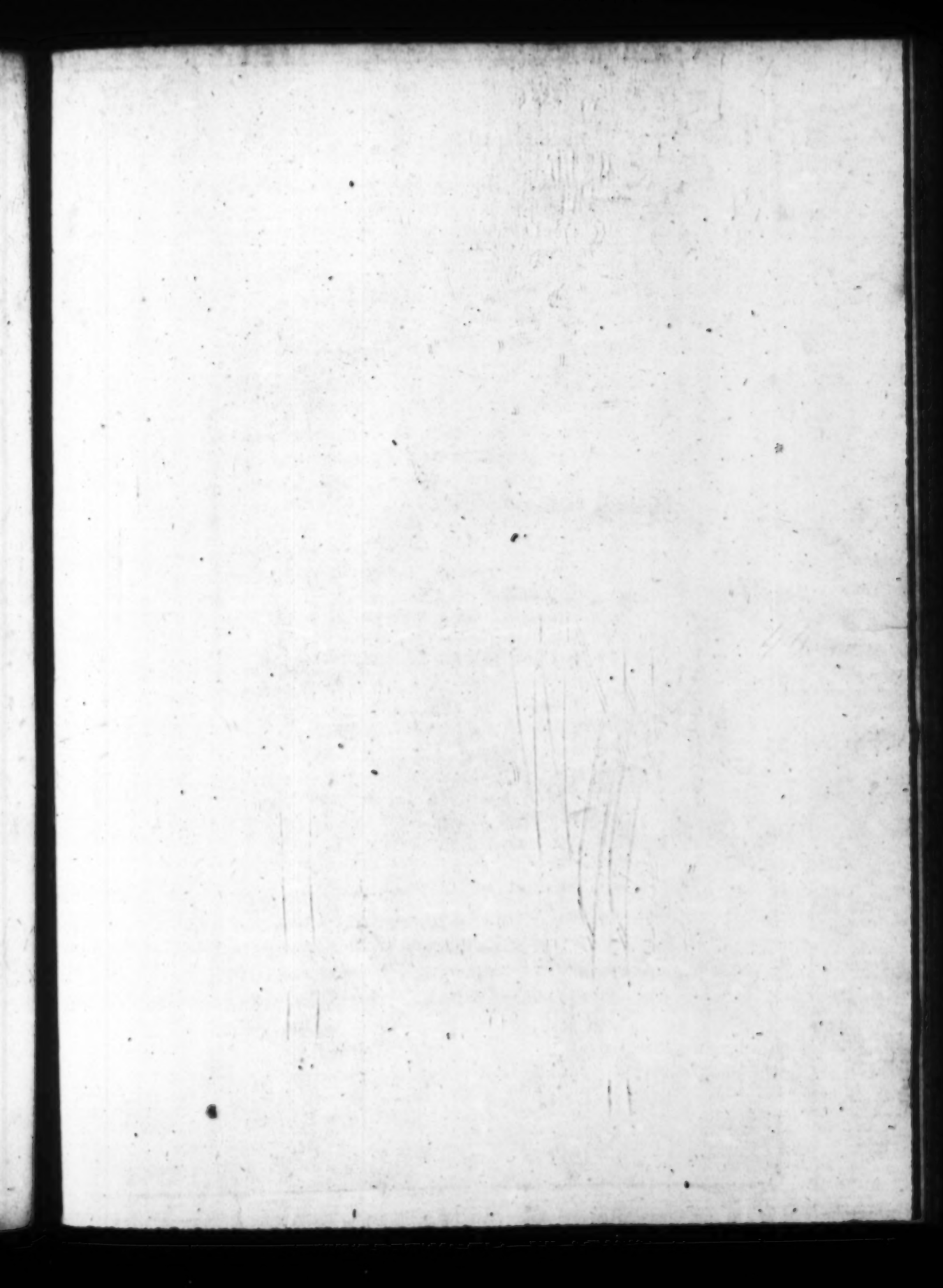
“ My death to thee is life, immortal life;

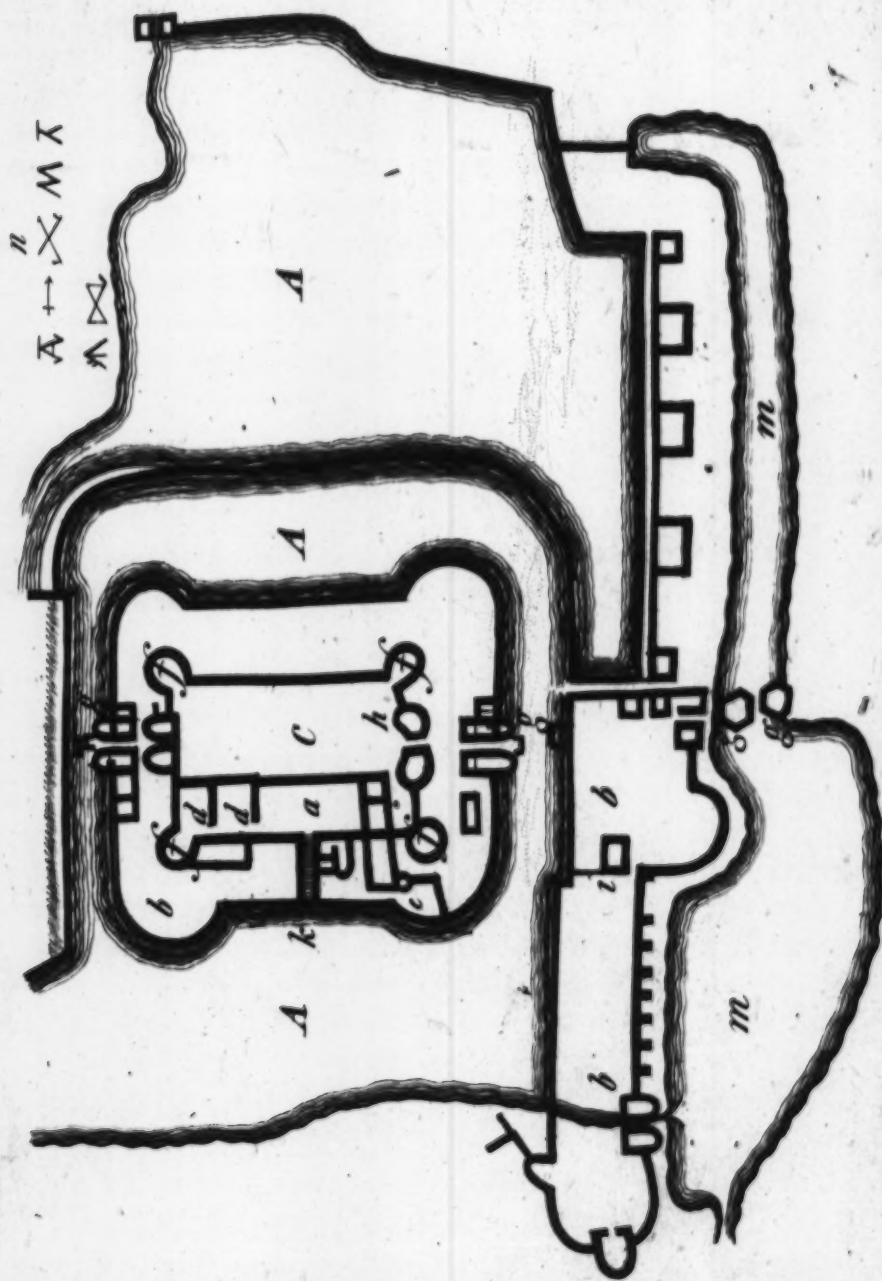
“ Joy without measure, and glory without end.”

He said and vanish'd into air—methought

Old Bel nodded to his parting voice.

The best account of this wonderful structure
is selected from the Rev. Mr. *Walter's* *WELSH*
DICTIONARY, a gentleman of consummate eru-
dition in the languages and antiquities of his
country; and to whom I have had occasion to
express





Plan of Caerphilly Castle.

express my obligations in my prefatory advertisement.

“Caerfily Castle, the stupendous ruins of a Castle in Glamorganshire; affirmed by connoisseurs in military architecture, to be the noblest remains of antient fortification whereof we have, at this day, any traces in Britain; and, from its admirable structure and vast extent, concluded by most to have been a Roman garrison; but history has unkindly denied us its aid precisely to determine the antiquity of it, which is a circumstance that must appear very extraordinary to the curious in those studies.

“The judicious antiquary, upon a strict survey of this amazingly grand and curious pile, will probably be induced to think that it hath been re-edified, at least in part, since its first foundation. We find no mention of it in the English History, till the reign of Edward II. when it is more than probable it was repaired by the Spencers, favourites of the said King; for we read that Hugh Spencer, the son, sustained therein a long siege, which the assailants thought proper at length to raise, deeming the place impregnable. Caerffili, *vulgo*, Castell Caerffili, the etymology of which hath not been given with any degree of probability, at least that I have known of.

" That Constantine the Great built this in memory of, I know not what dear daughter, (*caræ filia*,) of his, is so extravagant in itself, that it deserves not a serious refutation. Here then, whoever will, is at free liberty to offer his opinion, and display his talents for conjecture, provided he exceeds not the bounds of probability; and without any ceremony I here presume to lead the way: I take *Caer ffili* to be a corruption of *Caer Feli*, viz. *Castrum Belæum*, vel *Belinum*; confident that they who are acquainted with the British language, will be able of themselves readily to account for the change of the initial B into F, without any assistance of mine. If I be asked, who this *Beli*, the founder of this fortress, was? I answer, probably the British King of that name, brother to the renowned *Brennus*, General of the Gauls, a name well known to the readers of the Roman History, and son of *Dunwallo Moelmutius*; and what with the intelligent reader may add some degree of probability to this conjecture, is the first stanza of a poem addressed by a celebrated Welsh Bard to the famous *Owen Glyndw'r*, in the reign of Henry the IVth. viz.

' *Casgl allu cywir o Dir Dwlffin
Cyrc'h Ros, a Phenfro, hyd fro Freiddin
Cais dynnu dy lu, Custennin aefawr,
O Gaer ffili Gawr, Gaer fawr fyrddin.'*

" The

"The able critic in this language knows that Cawr antiently signified a King, so that *Caer Ffili Gawr* must signify the *Caer*, viz. fortress of King *Ffili*. But as we find no such name in the roll of British Kings, it is natural to conclude, that *Ffili* is a corruption of *Beli*, of which name we have two very eminent Kings in the British Chronicle, viz. that mentioned above, the son of *Dunwallo Moelmutius*, and *Beli the Great*, son of *Monogen*, who had the sovereign authority in this island about half a century before the commencement of the Christian *Æra*. If it be admitted that this was the *Belæum*, (see evidently the opinion of the great antiquary, *Mr. E. Lloyd*,) my conjecture will be greatly countenanced and supported; for it may be easily conceived that the Romans, from an imperfect apprehension of the sound *Beli*, as pronounced by the natives of Britain, might form the epithet *Belæum* (*Castrum*)."

The principal buildings that now remain, are often supposed to be the work of *Edward the First*; but most agree that some less fortress did previously appear on this spot, which being an advantageous situation, might be chosen by *Edward* for the erection of the present building; which reconciles those passages in *Powel's History of Wales*, wherein it is said that in the year 1221, it was fortified by *John Bruce*, son-in-law of *Llewelyn*. *Mr. Warrington* very justly observes,
some

some inferior building must here be meant, as the strength of the present castle would have rendered it superior to the attacks of any force Rhys could have brought against it; and that even supposing he had made himself master of it, unprovided as he was with proper machines, he could not have demolished it in the time assigned, by main dint of labour; and on the other hand, its re-edification would as much have exceeded the pecuniary abilities of the supposed rebuilder.

Leland says, "In Iskaihac is Cair Filly Castelle sette emonge marisches wher be ruinous waulles of a wonderfull thicknesse and toure kept up for prisoners, as to the chief hold of Sengenith, it is three miles north est from Llandaf and two miles from the est ripe of Tave."

Große thus describes it, "Among the many stupendous pieces, of which this vast pile of ruins is composed, is a large tower, nearly towards the east end, which every moment threatens destruction to the unwary passenger. Its height is not by a great deal so much as that of Pisa in Italy, it not being above 70 or 80 feet at most; but from the top down almost to the middle runs a large fissure, by which the tower is divided into two separate parts, so that each side hangs over its base in such a manner that it is difficult to say which is most likely to fall first. According to the opinion of the ingenious Mr. Wood, of Bath, who
lay

lay on his back for several minutes to view this dreadful ruin, its lineal projection on the outer side is not less than ten feet and a half. What renders it still the more remarkable is, that it has continued to project in this manner for many ages past; nor have we the least account given us either from history or tradition how it first happened."

It belonged to the Clares, Earls of Gloucester; then to the Earls of Pembroke, and afterwards came into the Windsor family by the marriage of the Lord Viscount Windsor with the only daughter and heir of Philip Earl of Pembroke; and is at present the property of Lord Mountstuart in the right of his wife, the heiress of Lord Windsor.

The town of Caerfily is of small consideration, possessing little fashion, but is enlivened with some traffic, which, from its vicinity to the iron trade, seems likely to increase: there are not proper inns for the temporary residence of genteel travellers, but two or three that will serve for hasty refreshment.

E N E R G L Y N,

The residence and property of J. Goodrich, Esq. is a complete mansion that overlooks the town with much advantage.

East-

Eastward, nearly parallel to the course of the Rumney from its source, which is about eighteen miles from Caerfily, a road leads through Pwll y Pant, Gelligare, &c. to Merthyr Tidvil; Ponty Pandy, on the right, is the seat of Nicholas Price, Esq. and at Pwll y Pant, besides a free grammar school with good endowments, there is a handsome house belonging to Mr. Williams. About a mile from this road, and three from Caerfily, is Llanbradach, a genteel dwelling-house belong to T. Thomas, Esq.

Here, as in other places that border on the before described metallic provinces, the ascension to them is every where adorned by a rich variety of vegetation. This neighbourhood may be likewise celebrated for the frequency of its salubrious springs. In a field near Llanbradach house, is one of such peculiar purity, that the culinary vessels, in which it is continually used for a space of time, will not contract the least foulness or concretion: the inside of the metal still preserves its original appearance; and I have been assured by the natives that it has the most powerful solvent qualities, and has actually operated as a menstruum for a stone extracted from the human body. Near Llantrissant is a well, possessing waters equally potent as a repellent. From these circumstances it may be presumed, that the various stratas of these countries may filter waters well worthy of physical attention; and

and whose use and virtues may be ascertained by chemical analization. Within the hills of Gelligare parish is a remarkable stone, supposed for ages to have perpetuated the memory of a British or Roman veteran: and about a mile eastward of it, is that spoken of by *Camden*, of similar purport, on which is an inscription, signifying "May'st thou awake." There is a nearer but less interesting ride from Caerfly to Merthyr Tidvil by Energlyn, the Black Rock, Quaker's Yard, &c. Near Bassaleg there is likewise a road leading to Ruperra, and the hills adjacent to it.

RUPERRA

Is one of the best planned and best finished mansions in these parts. It was built from a model of Inigo Jones's, and in 1783, it was nearly destroyed by fire; but its late proprietor, Mr. John Morgan, just lived to re-build it answerable to the original plan, but with increased magnificence, for his nephew, Colonel Morgan, the present possessor. Its striking eminence is happily sheltered by excellent plantations, and its parks and gardens are laid out with improved judgment and cultivated taste. There formerly stood a castle near it, surrounded by an extensive entrenchment, and an adjoining beacon. The latter is the admirable situation of a modern summer-house. The entrenchment is enveloped in a plantation of wood, called Craig Ruperra,

P and

and the castle is immersed in the same pleasing obscurity; but its former consequence is often confirmed by the foundations of ancient buildings, and war weapons, sometimes found on the spot.

Again, leaving this stage at Pant rhiw Gôch, by Llanvihangle Vedw, across the river Rumney, you reach

K E V E N M A B L Y,

the property of John Kemeys Tynte, Esq. It is celebrated for having some time been the residence of the great Sir Nicholas Kemeys, who so valiantly defended Chepstow Castle for his sovereign, against the usurper Cromwell; and it long continued to accommodate his successors: until lately there remained a good collection of the family portraits, particularly one of the above-mentioned Sir Nicholas, by Vandyke, in his best manner. The stately halls, inferior apartments, and out-offices, are still entitled to the attention of the traveller of taste. From the circumstance of there being several monumental records in the parish church of Penhow, many pretend that the latter was an earlier residence, but the most ancient was doubtless Kemeis Inferior, in Monmouthshire.

C A R D I F F

Is on the southern border of Glamorganshire. This county has the Severn Sea, or Bristol Channel,

Channel, on the south; Monmouthshire on the east; Caermarthenshire on the west; and Breconshire on the north. The Welch call it Morganwg, G'lâdmorgan, or Morganock; and suppose it anciently to have been governed by a king or prince of that name. Others derive it from the British word *mo'r*, or sea, which washes all its southern parts.

Mr. Lewis says, this county was always wont to be rebellious against its lawful prince, which, by the just judgment of God, brought it into the servitude of strangers.

An ancient historian, whose work is in Llandaff Cathedral, declares the great Caraclacus to have been the son of Meiryg, a king of Glamorgan; and that he was born in Cardiff. Justin ap Gurgant was the last Welch prince that occupied this country, being overthrown by a powerful force under Robert Fitz Hammon, and twelve Norman knights, who appear to have assisted the expedition, which originated, according to history, in the following manner:—

Justin, and Einion a Welch nobleman, invited the above stranger into their country, as an auxiliary in the hostile design of dispossessing some neighbouring prince of his territories; but a quarrel taking place between the spoilers, Einion had the sagacity to persuade Fitz Hammon to unite
his

his arms with his, in order to subdue his former confederate, which was accordingly effected about the year 1101; but Hammon not only subdued Justin, but the intriguing Einion appears to have been dependent on his bounty, receiving from him the Castle of Senghenith, or Castle Coch. To Caradoc ap Justin, eldest son of Justin, he gave the Castle and Lordship of Avon; to Rhydderch, another son of Justin, he gave the Castle of Ruthyn: the rest of his conquests are enumerated by Caradoc of Lancarvan, to have been distributed by him as knights fees, to his several followers, thus:

To William de Londres, he gave the Castle and Manor of Ogmore; to Richard de Grenac Villa, or Greenfield, the Lordship of Neath; to Paganus de Turberville, that of Coyty; to Robert de S. Quintin or Quinton, Llanblethyan; to Richard de Sywarde, Talyvan; to Gilbert Humfreville, the Castle and Manor of Penmark; to Reginald de Sully, the Castle and Manor of Sully; to Roger de Berkrolles, that of East Orchard; to Peter le Soore, Peterstone; to John de Fleming, St. George; to Oliver, or John de St. John, Fonmon; and to William le Esterling, or Stradling, that of St. Donat's; reserving the Lordship of Glamorgan for himself, and giving some gratuitous fees to private gentlemen that served him in the expedition; and to some of the Welch inhabitants, his friends.

Robert

Robert Fitz Hammon reserved Cardiff as his share in the conquest of the country; and here, according to *Stowe*, he erected, anno 1110, the present castle, in which he commonly resided, and held his court of chancery and exchequer; the former was held the first Monday of every month, at which the twelve knights, or their heirs, were bound to attend, and had a right to lodging in the outer-court. These knights, says *Camden*, were bound to defend particular parts of the fortifications.

It was taken, 1232, by Maelgwn and Rhys Grig, assisted by Richard Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, who at the same time took the castle of Abergavenny, Penckelly, Blaenllynfi and Bwlch y Ddinas, all which, except this, it is said were burned to the ground. There is some mention in history of its being at another time taken by Ivor Bach, a little, but stout general, who lived in the mountains; he, with a band of hardy Britons, under favour of a dark night, seized the castle, and carried off Fitz Hammon's grandson, William Earl of Gloucester, together with his wife and son, and retained them as hostages, till he had full satisfaction for some injuries he had received from him.

Some of the gates and walls of the town are still perfect, particularly Edward's Tower, which is southward of the keep of the castle, and in which Robert Curthose, eldest son of William

the Conqueror, (whose eyes were put out by the cruel order of his unnatural brother, to prevent his succeeding to the crown) was detained a prisoner until his death. He was confined here, according to some accounts, twenty-six years; *Matthew Paris* says near thirty, and was buried in Gloucester Cathedral, where there is a figure of him in oak. Cardiff Castle, with much of the town, is the property of the Earl of Bute.

Much of the ancient structure is fallen to decay, but the principal parts have undergone considerable repairs, for a dwelling to the proprietor; but a liberal expenditure has fallen very short of completing the design. It still retains an air of grandeur; its spacious court is elegantly laid out in the modern taste, and the keep, now in a ruinous condition, it is said, will give way to a magnificent banquetting room.

Cardiff is the assize town for the county, and the most conspicuous for its public buildings, but inferior to Swansea in the wealth, trade, and number of its inhabitants.

A priory of black monks, and houses of grey, black, and white friars, appear to have been established at this place, one of which was founded by the first Earl of Gloucester. The house of grey friars was dedicated to St. Francis, under the superintendence or wardenship of Bristol; that

that of the black friars appears to have once stood within the Milkin or West Gate.

The church is altogether an handsome piece of architecture, the tower of it is particularly beautiful; the last was principally the gift of a former Lady Neville; in the inside are some handsome monumental embellishments, and it is well pewed, and furnished with an organ.

The town is governed by a chief magistrate, who is constable of the castle, or his deputy; two bailiffs, twelve aldermen, (capital burgesses), a steward, town clerk, &c. and has a court of record every fortnight.

In the parish of St. Mary (the church of which, together with an innumerable family of consecrated inmates, has been swallowed in the rapacious bosom of the invading sea) are the Steep and Flat Holmes-Islands, which are distinguishable from many parts of the adjoining shores; the latter of them is decorated with a light-house.

From Penarth Point, which is near the mouth of Cardiff river, are seen two other small islands; one of them (Barry) exhibits a small opening in a rock, producing uncommon sounds, which have raised as many fantastic conjectures on their cause as on their effect: *Giraldus Cambrensis* has compared them to the noise of smiths working in their forge; but the prodigy is simply produced

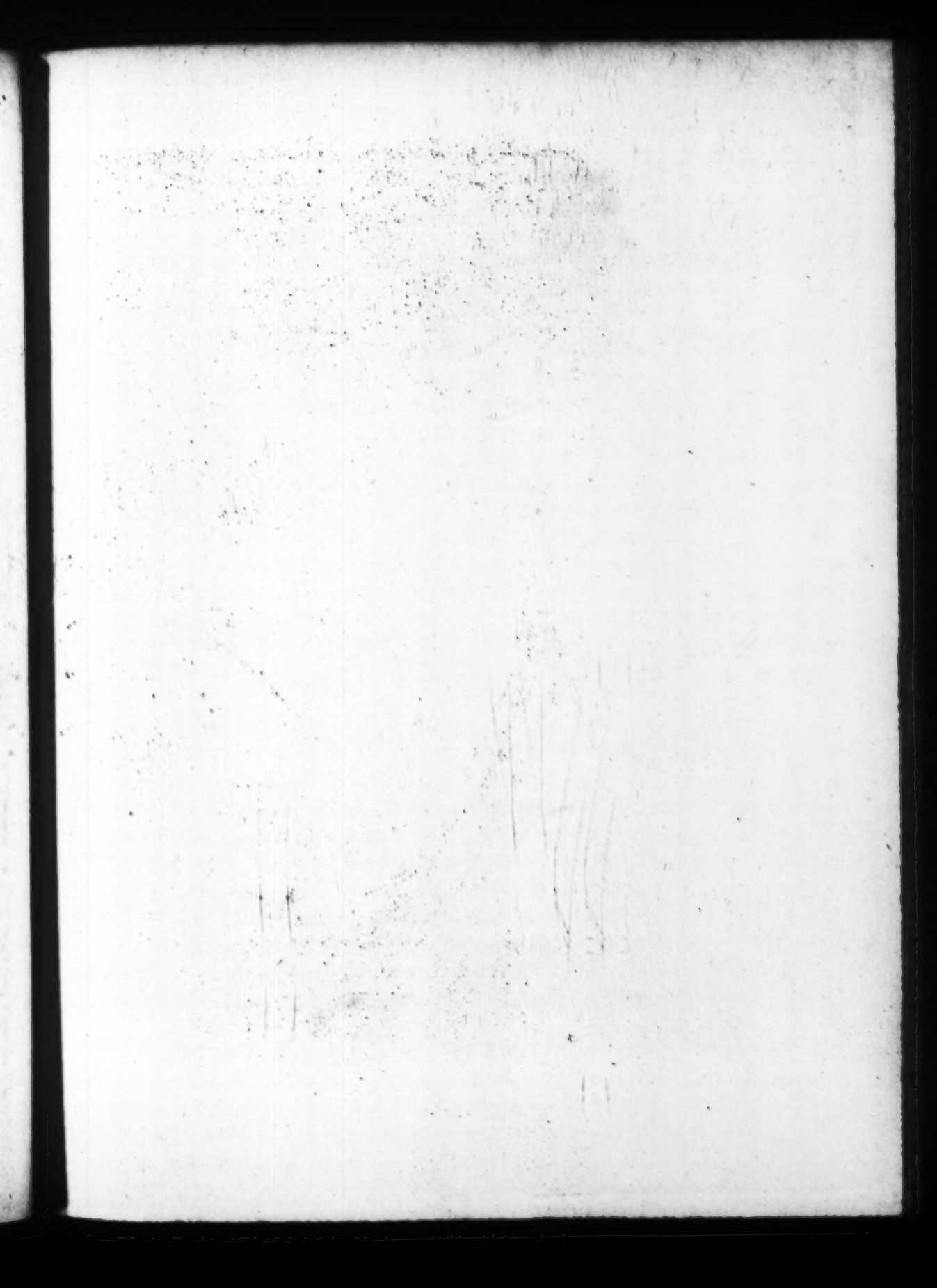
duced by the agitation of the waves under the hollow rocks of a promontory that fronts the sea.

The ROAD from CARDIFF to CAERFILY

ascends the hills, on the side of which is the desirable residence of Mrs. Price, overlooking the vale and distant waters with singular advantage: within one mile of Caerfily, on this road, is the Van-place, (or Fane), a family of this name being supposed to have been the earliest proprietors; since that period it was possessed by a Lewis, an heiress of which name appears to have married an Earl of Plymouth, and an ancestor of whom is thus noticed:

“ Tri dawnflwr gore’ Rghymry,
 “ Sir Charles o’ Kevenmably,
 “ Y Squier Lewis gwyh o’r Van,
 “ A Sir John Carn o’r Wenny.”

By this the poet proclaims Sir Charles Kemeys, then residing at Kevenmably, Squire Lewis of the Van, and Sir John Carn of Wenny Castle, to have been the most famous dancers of that day. From this feat and name, it is reasonable enough to conjecture, may have sprung the following noble families, whom the books of peerage raise from Monmouthshire, viz. Fane, Earl of Westmoreland; Fane, Earl of Darlington, and Viscount Fane of Ireland,—inasmuch as no name or place of this country applies to them
 but





New Bridge.

but this, which is likewise retained by the Vans of Llanwern.

A Dove-house adjoining to these ruins, displays great durability and beauty, and seems to challenge equal longevity with the proudest tower in the neighbouring castle: the ingenuity with which the apartments for the congregated tribes of feathered possessors is constructed, is as worthy of architectural remark as any which the former exhibits.

CARDIFF to MERTHYR TIDVIL.

This road nearly accompanies the course of the new canal which is forming from Cardiff to Merthyr; the uncommon if not unexampled elevation of which demonstrates the almost magical power of persevering labour and invincible art, as it rises to the prodigious height of more than 500 feet in a course of twenty miles.

NEW BRIDGE,

in this road, consists of a single arch, which is the segment of a circle, and supposed to be the largest in the world; the chord of it is 140 feet, and the height of the key-stone from the spring of the arch, is 34 feet; it was completed by William Edwards, a common mason, after several ineffectual essays occasioned by the vehement rapidity of the river that it covers. It appears that he owed his success to a curious device
of

of turning three circular tunnels through each abutment, which prevented its weight from springing (as in former trials) the light crown of the arch ; which contrivance gives at the same time a singular beauty to the whole fabric.

It is to be regretted that the parapet wall of this bridge should be suffered to fritter to ruin in such a shameful manner for want of a little timely reparation.

About a mile above this bridge, is what is called the Salmon-leap, where the water falls over the craggy shelves of a stupendous precipice in a striking manner; notwithstanding the incredibility of the circumstance, great quantities of these fish, by uncommon exertions throw themselves in their pregnant state from the water below against the precipitated torrent, in search of the shallows near the river's source, in order that other fish may not prey upon their fry, or the turbulent streams disturb their spawn; but in this instinctive sagacity for the preservation of their young, they hazard their own preservation; the variegated rocks projecting at intervals over the river, are sufficiently wooded to afford safety and concealment for the spearmen, who watch their course up the stream, and too often destroy the parent fish with their embryo progeny.

Near this bridge is the river Rhondda, which rises twelve miles north-west of Cimdda, and near
the

the last, is the Llynvour Pool, remarkable for giving rise to the most copious spring in these parts.

CARDIFF to COWBRIDGE.

You have a level at leaving this town for about four miles, in which is nothing remarkable until you reach St. Lythan's Down, from which is the finest view of the extensive and fertile vale of Glamorgan, dignified, for its beauty, with the appellation of the "Garden of South Wales." From hence St. Fagan's Castle, on the right, strikes the eye. It is a noble old mansion, and in 1660, was purchased by a Lord Plymouth, who then made great improvements in it, and for some time honoured it with his residence; it still continues, together with much contiguous property, in that noble family. The present inhabitant is Mrs. Pollard.

Near this, according to *Carte*, was fought an obstinate battle between the Parliament forces and the Royalists, which appears to have drawn the vengeance of Cromwell upon the inhabitants of Cardiff; for he says, "Colonel Horton, reinforced by the garrisons, defeated Langhorn, with the loss of 1500 slain, and near 3000 taken prisoners, on May the 8th, in an engagement near St. Fagan's; the 3d day after which victory, he went to Cardiff, and ordered some Welch prisoners to be shot, and sold the common soldiers to the Barbadoes Company."

Coed-

Coedriglan, near the road, gives one of the best and most expanded prospects from its apartments of any seat in this neighbourhood. It is a neat building, in the possession of — Treharne, Esq. Within the inclosures below it, appear the traces of another British encampment; and not far distant from thence, stood St. George's castle, the gift of Fitz-Hammon to John de Fleming.

The distant view of Llantrissant appears from hence with good effect: and indeed the fancy of an ingenious beholder may, in these parts, find copious matter for every order of beauty. The romantic situation of the huge precipice, mountain, and castle at a distance, the groves, the slope, and sublime elevations, the fertile and extensive plains, enriched with herds, flocks, pasturage, flowered or ripening fruits, fill the mind with mingled ideas of the sublime and beautiful; whilst the waters and distant shores proudly preserve their part in the interesting scene.

At Boulston are the seats of John Bassett, Esq. and Miss Gwinnett; other striking objects are not seen for some time, consequently the ride will become dull to such as are not gratified with humbler contemplations on the rural scenery — straw-thatched cots and rustic groups of peasants, which are every where presenting themselves. The fanciful embellishments of their white-washed walls, and the inward

ward neatness and apparent cheerfulness of the healthy possessors, captivate the mind with ideas of ancient simplicity and pastoral innocence, and carry it back with pleasing retrospection to the untainted pleasures of the golden age.

At the Aubrey Arms, a park, whose bounds reach the road, marks the domain of Sir John Aubrey, who has an ancient seat annexed to it. Near Cowbridge, on the right, is a good house, belonging to J. Llewellyn, Esq. (Welsh St. Donat's), another belonging to L. Jenkins, Esq. of Caercady; and nearer Cowbridge, is seen a newly erected one of Capt. Gibbons's; and on the left, appear St. Hilary, Tre-Gough, St. Mary-Church, Landough, &c. and the views continue uniformly agreeable into the town of Cowbridge.

COAST-WAYS from *CARDIFF* to *COWBRIDGE*.

From the excellence of the bye roads in Glamorganshire, the way, without difficulty, may be thus changed by such as have travelled the common one and would wish to vary their view of the country, with the additional advantage of investigating the following objects of curiosity.

Leaving the latter post road about the fourth mile stone from Cardiff, you first pass

R

WEN-

SOUTH WALES.
WENVO-CASTLE.

A Mr. Thomas appears to have possessed Wenvo, about two centuries ago, an heiress of which family married an officer of the same name, who, for some meritorious services, was created a baronet by King William; since that period, by purchase, it became the property of P. Burt, Esq. who completed it in the present superb style. By lengthening the ride three or four miles, you reach Sully Island, which, with the castle, now nearly demolished, and manor, was the gift of the aforesaid conqueror, Fitz Hammon, to Reginald de Sully; there were likewise similar fortifications at Denis Powis, Court y Ville, and Larnack.

Following the coast westward, you likewise fall in with Barry Island, on which are some remains of a fortification; which, with that at Castle-town, and numberless others, (generally of less magnitude than those enumerated in Fitz Hammon's gifts) might be raised to defend particular situations from the dispossessed indignant Welsh inhabitants. Stowe says, of Fitz Hammon's knights, "that they *built in these countries certain castles*, and joining their power together, they defended their farms and lordships which they had taken and possessed." A few miles farther, in this way is

FONMON,

the manor, castle, &c. of which appears to have been

been the portion of Oliver, or John de St. John, from the aforesaid Fitz Hammon. Notwithstanding its recluse situation, it makes a noble appearance on a near view. Its rooms are stately, and offices extensive; whilst the encircling descents, ingeniously winding with spacious and gentle terraces to the deeper vale or widened moats below, prove what uncommon pains have been taken to make the grounds about it correspond with the general magnificence of the buildings; and the modern additions of the present possessor, R. Jones, Esq. are planned so judiciously as not to destroy the Gothic beauties of the ancient fabric. A mile south of Fonmon, is Aberthaw Harbour, a small village on the shore, where the vessels generally lie that trade from this neighbourhood to Bristol.

Penmark castle, or Penmarc, was another donation of Fitz-Hammon's to Gilbert Humfreville; and the ruined towers over the river at Castletown, in all likelihood were erected to defend the passage to Llanblethian, which was, like the former, conveyed by gift, and some time held by the St. Quintins.

BOVETON PLACE.

This building proves to be of equal antiquity with any of the Gothic structures that ornament this country. It appears on record, that Fitz-Hammon some time drew provisions from hence
to

to supply his garrison at Cardiff: it is, together with Fonmon, the property of R. Jones, Esq.

LANTWIT MAJOR

was once an incorporated borough town; the hall of which is still perfect, where have been held the sessions for the county; and there are attached to the village several desolated streets and mansions, which plainly demonstrate that it once contained more considerable inhabitants than it now enjoys. In 508, St. Illatus appears to have founded a monastery here, which he made the seat of polite learning, as well as of religion. On the same road is

St. DONAT's,

admirably protected with a dry fosse on one side; and on the south are fine declivities of gardens, nearly reaching the sea, which appear to have once exhibited the most perfect order and enchanting beauties: it has an extensive park to the west, the walls of which are still sufficiently entire to serve as a ring fence to the various inclosures into which it is divided. The fashion of the whole bears great similarity to Fonmon in its design, circumference and altitudes; but the defect of occupancy has prevented the preservation of this from being equal to that ancient pile. The stupendous arched gateways to the inner and outer courts are of excellent workmanship, and tolerably perfect; the former, with some of the inner rooms, are ornamented with busts of some of the Roman Emperors,

perors, and their Empreſſes, large as life, and are in uncommonly good præſervation. The great parlour and dining room above it, in the north angle, are each 18 yards long and 8 wide, with returns to them of about 12 or 14 feet at the ends of each; the firſt is elegantly wainſcotted with oak, and the latter exhibits a carved chimney-piece of the ſame, not inferior to any thing I have ſeen of the ſort. The common hall is about 15 yards long and 10 wide; at the bottom is a gallery for ſpectators. Other parts of the ſquare, which forms a court of about 30 yards long and 24 wide, are compoſed of different ſized finiſhed apartments and inferior offices, which are now occupied by tenantry on the eſtate. There are moſt extenſive and commanding views of land and water from the ſurrounding battlements, which are ſtill perfectly ſecure and commodious to walk upon.

A watch tower is ſtanding a ſtone's throw weſtward of the caſtle ditch, which overlooks the whole; ſome ſuppoſe it to have been formerly uſed as a light-houſe. Between that and the caſtle is the chapel, which was, doubtleſs, from its ſhape and the order of its architecture, raiſed when the laſt repairs were added to the dwellings; a part of it, which joins the chancel, is of later conſtruction, being intended for vaults to the deceased poſſeſſors; among which appear the following memorials of the Stradlings: the firſt, " In memory

S

of

of Thomas Stradling, Esq. whose wife appears to have been the daughter of Sir William Thomas, of Raglan, in the county of Monmouth; his body was translated from the monastery of preaching friars, at Cardiff, (of which establishment he was a member.) He died in 1480, and his widow married Rees ap Thomas, of Picton Castle, in the county of Pembroke, Knight of the Garter, who was buried with her latter husband at Carmarthen, in the church of the monastery of preaching friars."

The second tells us, that "Here lieth Edward Stradling, the fourth of that name, son of Thomas Stradling and Jenet his wife, the daughter of Thomas Mathews, of Rader, in the county of Glamorgan, who died in the castle of St. Donats, in the year 1555;" also, "Here lieth Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Thomas Aururdel, Knight, who died in childbed the 20th of July, 1513."

On a third is inscribed, "This picture doth represent Sir Edward Stradling, Knight, the fifth of that name, and Catherine his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Gamage, of Coity; which said Sir Edward now in his life-time hath set forth this monument of his ancestors deceased, and by God's grace meaneth both he and his wife, after their decease, to keep their bodies company in this self-same place."

They

They are represented on oak pictures, in attitudes of devotion, apparently erected and executed at the same time, and by the same hand. There is likewise a superb marble monument to the above Sir Edward, and one to his successor, who died in 1683. And on a handsome square marble tomb is inscribed,

“ Here lies Sir Thomas Stradling, the second Baronet of England, and the last of the name; he was the second son of Sir Edward Stradling, Bart. by Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edward Mansel, of Margam, Bart. he died at Montpelier, in France, the 27th of September, 1738, and was buried here the 17th of March following; by his death the title and family, after its continuance here near 700 years, became extinct.”

In 1740, these premises appear to have been the property of Bussy Mansel, Esq. Sir John Tyrwhitt was a later possessor; the present, is Thomas Drake Tyrwhitt, Esq.

By leaving Cowbridge, a few miles on the right of this, the ride continues through Wick, St. Bride's, &c. then joins the great post road near Coity. Or, from St. Bride's it may be continued

coastways near Dunraven Castle, Newton, &c. to the great road near Aberavon.

Leaving Cardiff by way of the bridge, which passes Taff, you observe the venerable Cathedral of Llandaff, situated on the western bank of that river.

LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL, &c. &c.

The village of Llandaff has several neat houses, but no regular street, nor any good inn; though it appears by records and its remaining antiquities, to have once had most distinguished residents. The following abstracts are, I think, the best chronicles that are to be collected:

This church (according to *Camden*,) was first erected by the gallic bishops Germanus and Lupus, when they suppressed the Pelagian Heresy; and Dubritius, a most devout man, was by them first preferred to the Bishopric—according to him, Meurig, a British Prince, was a great benefactor to it.

The castellated mansion of the Bishops of this See, seems to have been once a sumptuous building. Grose supposes it was built about A. D. 1120, by Urban, then Bishop.

“ The Cathedral Church of Llandaff, (says *Willis*,) which is dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul,

Paul, stands in a bottom on the north-east side of a pleasant village, near the banks of the river Taff, from whence it takes its name; the church is intire, as having no cloisters about it, nor any other out-buildings; at the west end there are two towers; one to the south, which seems to be as old as the church, is open within from the top to the bottom; this tower which now looks ruinous, had formerly battlements at the top with four small pinnacles at the corners. The tower on the north side was built by Jasper, (created Duke of Bedford, An. 1585,) son of Owen Tudor, by Catherine, daughter of Charles the VIth, King of France; this is a handsome tower, and is still in pretty good repair: It is ascended by 140 free-stone steps, and is in heighth, from the lower moulding at top to the bottom, 29 yards and a half; the front of the church to the west between the towers at bottom is 30 feet; the great west door, which stands in the middle between the said towers, is 7 feet and a half wide and 10 feet high, and has over it an image of a Bishop in his pontifical habit, supposed to be the image of St. Dubritius.

There is the statue of a king in a nich, supposed to be Henry the First, who then reigned. In the north corner at the west end is a stair case, by means of which there is a communication to the other tower and the leads of the church."

" About

"About 40 yards distance from this tower, south-west of the church, stood heretofore an old tower, which, as appears by the ruins, was 42 feet square; the door, which stood south of the church, is 13 feet high and 7 feet wide; in it there formerly hung a very large bell, called St. Peter's bell, which being taken down by Jasper, Duke of Bedford, was conveyed to Exeter, and there exchanged for five bells, which were hung up in Jasper's tower. The towers within are 18 feet long; the whole length of the nave from the west door to the screen is about 110 feet, the breadth of the nave from the footing of the pillars is 29 feet, the side aisles are each 15 feet broad; so that the whole breadth of the church is about 65 feet,"

"The Bishop's castle stood, before it was demolished, south-east of the church: it was heretofore a very stately building, if we may judge by the gate-house, which is still remaining; it was destroyed by Owen Glendower, when he rose against Henry the IVth. The family of Aradir, some time resident in Ireland, appears to have possessed the episcopal house for some ages."

Towards the north-west of the church, opposite to Jasper's tower, in a field called Llam y Wrach, at about forty-six yards distance, there is a ruined piece of building under the brow of a hill, 48 yards in length and 20 yards wide;

wide: it appears to have been built in the form of a castle, and is said to have belonged anciently to the Archdeacon of Llandaff. His dwelling was certainly once very magnificent, since, we are told, that the Archdeacon, in Henry the Second's time, entertained that prince; from whence he went to Cardiff castle and slept, in his return to London from his wars in Ireland. This likewise appears to have been demolished by Owen when he burnt the Bishop's castle."

Such was the state of its principal buildings in 1717, when Brown Willis made the survey of them: at that time its sepulchral embellishments appeared to have been particularly conspicuous and numerous, for besides the effigies of about twelve Bishops, who are interred in the cathedral, he gives an account of several of the honourable or opulent families in the neighbourhood, particularly one to a part of the family of a Lord Audley, who had great possessions in these parts, and was very active in suppressing the insurrection of Owen Glendower in the reign of Henry the IVth. Sir William Mathews, a Lady Kemeys, and others of the Mathews's, are now shewn in some of the finest marble statuary that is extant. By a late re-edification of this building many in Willis's catalogue are demolished, whilst some are contumeliously dispossessed of their little allotments of space, and with mangled forms or disordered attitudes, are thrust into the dark

dark or useless corners of this solemn temple of mortality.

The southernmost of the two towers is nearly all fallen; the one described to have stood detached from the other buildings on the south-west side, is entirely gone. Much of the castle is still existing as a ruin, particularly its gateway, and discovers durability and elegance.

Gabalva, in this parish, is an elegant seat, the proprietor, H. Hurst, Esq. and from this neighbourhood, Castell Coch, or Red Castle, is a remarkable object to a very great extent; and is the extreme western point of an eminence that commands a view of the river Taff, and to much distance of country; it is likewise the boundary of an ancient forest, called Cefn y feed, which territory it might have been raised to defend. Its order is defaced, but it appears to have possessed long durability. The whole of these domains are the property of the Earl of Bute.—It is about five miles north of Cardiff,

There is a good road leads from Llandaff, through these parts of the Vale of Glamorgan next the Hills, by which you gain surveys of the beautiful possessions of Samuel Richardson, Esq. The mansion is called

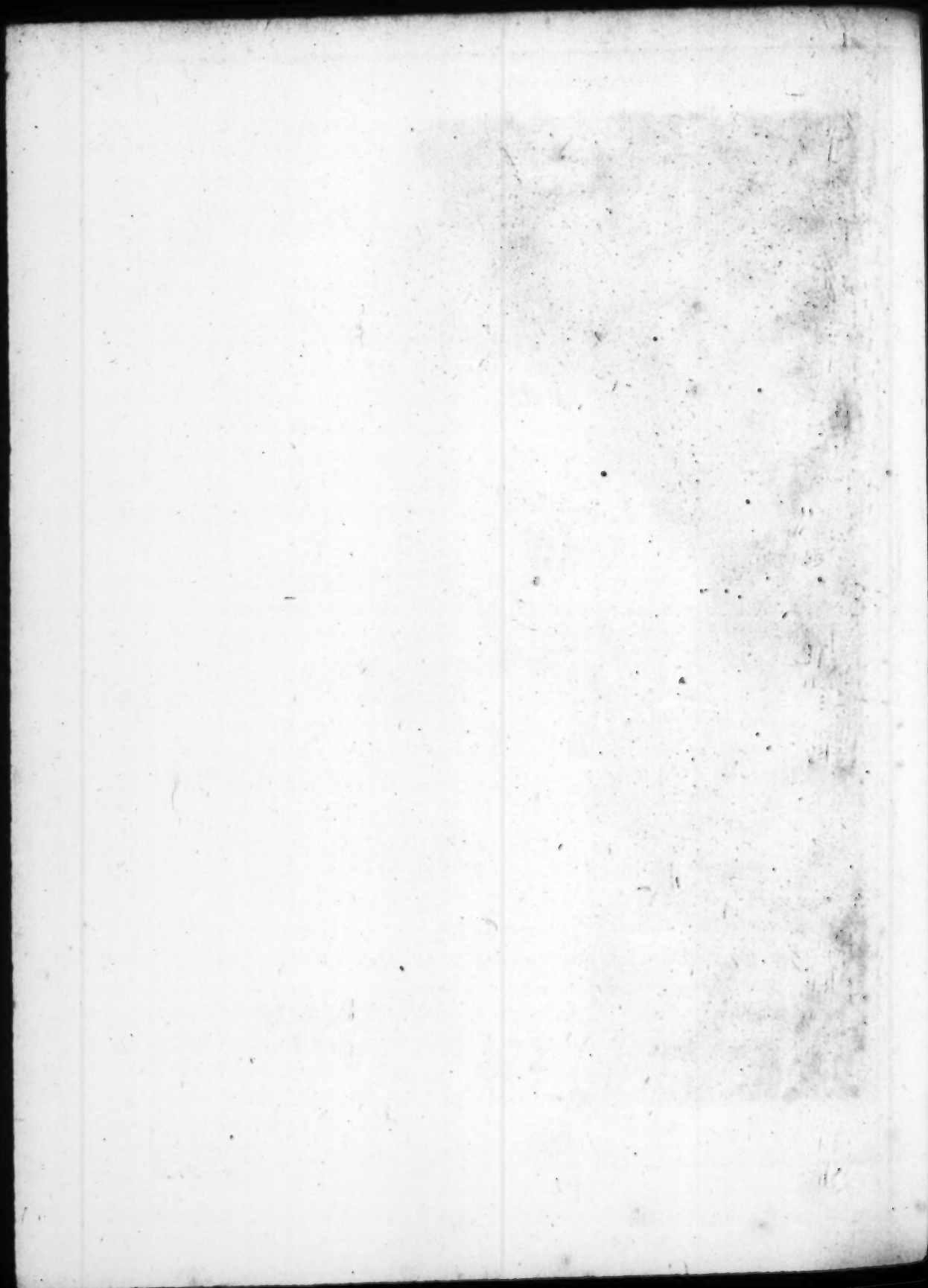
H E N S O L.

It is modern, being raised by the late Chancellor

Western Hill.

Paul Gandy.





cellor Talbot, and has much magnificence. Its boundaries and park are every where well wooded, though great quantities of that produce have been felled since the period of its being purchased from the descendants of the original improver, to the present one ; who, by a judicious direction of the axe, has dissected each cumbrous body into favourite portions of beauty ; and has thereby cleared much space for agricultural experiments. There are few estates in the kingdom combine more of the *utile dulci* in the same extent than Henfol ; at one extremity the various hills are elegantly picturesque ; on the other, the vale declines upon it with the greatest fertility. The farms which it comprises are abundantly productive of each necessary for man. The herds have the upland herbage for the soft dewy seasons ; whilst the meadows, refreshed by shades and laved by streams, afford plenty and shelter in solstitial heat ; the gardens are luxuriant ; and the cascades, walks, and perennial groves eagerly unite in forming the desirable possession.

Lantriffant, in this neighbourhood, is a small irregular town, but was doubtless sometime of more consequence. The view from it stretches over indescribable distances of country below, and unmeasured tracts of mountains, with which it is otherwise partly encompassed. The castle, of which a small part remains, was evidently once of great extent ; but

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there

there are neither anecdotes nor historical facts to relate of it worth presenting. From hence is a way to Cowbridge, by

LLANHARAN HOUSE,

happily embosomed by the towering projections of these southern highlands. It produces, by the improvement of art, one of the best features in these parts of their declivities : from the *easy eminence* of its embellished lawns, you accomplish a perfect view of the fairest portion of the valley, and the sublimest forms of the neighbouring country.—It is the property of the Rev. G. Powel.

From Henfol there is likewise a way by Welsh St. Donat's to Cowbridge.

C O W B R I D G E

is a neat little town, and has several fashionable houses, properly tenanted. There is a very respectable Latin and Grammar School, at which a majority of the Glamorganshire gentlemen have been educated. According to the account of the Rev. Mr. Harris, delivered to the Antiquarian Society, some Roman coins have, at different times, been picked up in the gardens adjoining this town ; he particularly mentions one of Adrian, which he presented to Roger Gale, Esq. and another of the same Emperor he had then in his possession,

From

From its central situation in a most fertile country it has a market abundantly served with its productions. It is by the Welsh called Pont-faen, (Stone-bridge,) in English, Cowbridge, the arms of the town being a cow. They tell you a butcher was driving a cow to be slaughtered, which was driven by the dogs under one of the arches of the bridge, where it was tangled and killed; and from that circumstance the town attained its name. The quarter sessions of the county are sometimes held here; and the Glamorganshire races are alternately at this place and Cardiff. It is governed by a mayor, two bailiffs, aldermen, common-councilmen, and a town clerk. The principal inn for carriages is the Bear; but there are inferior ones, far more accommodating to such as would avoid an expensive style of travelling.

From COWBRIDGE to NEATH.

Little more than a mile on the right is a short way leading to Penlline Castle, a venerable monument of antient architecture; elegant modern additions appear to have been recently raised to it by the present proprietor and possessor, Miss Gwinnet. The annexed prospective view will best display the picturesque advantages of its situation. The neat and handsome retirement of D. Thomas, Esq. is near this, on the left; and a few miles farther, near the road, you observe

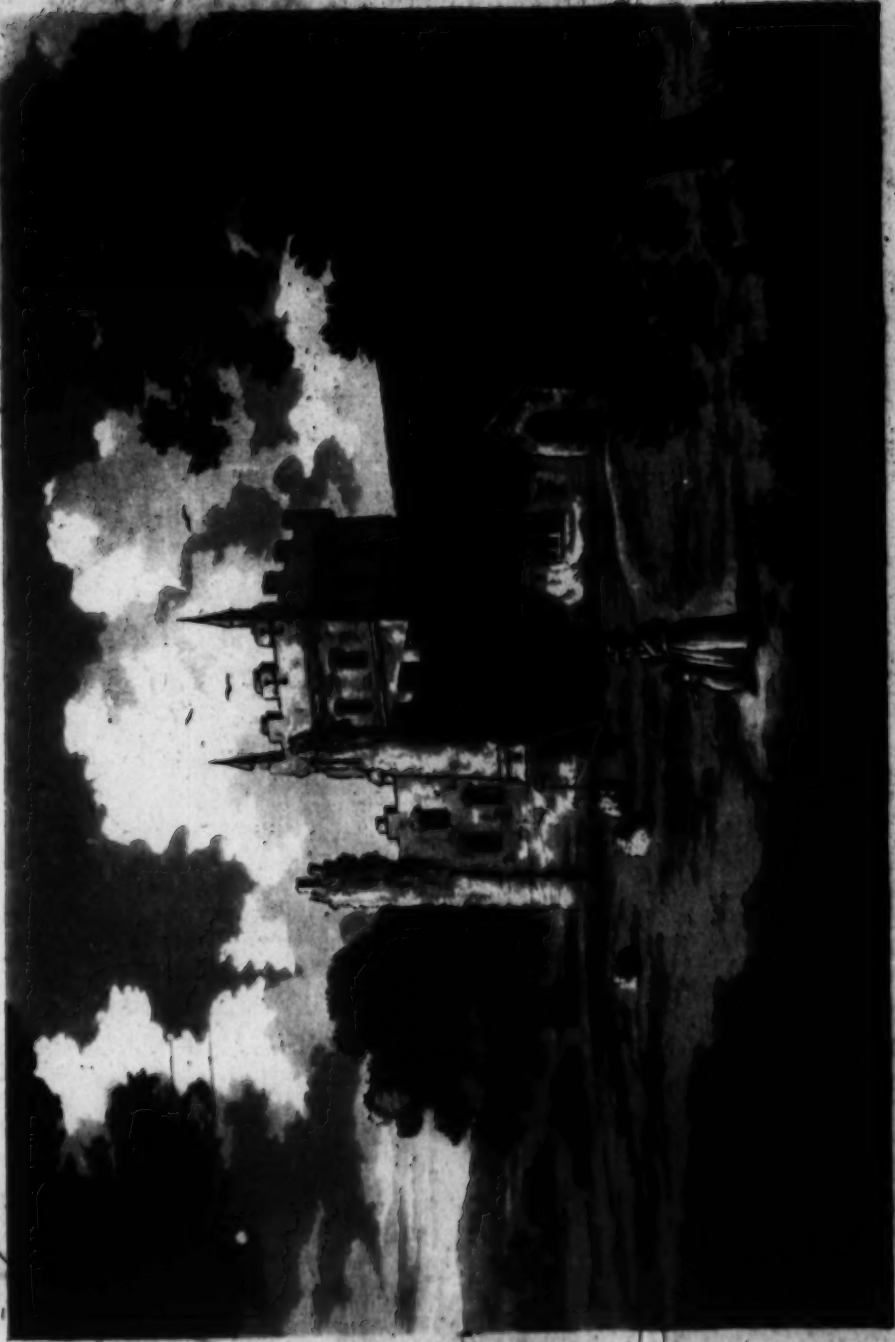
EWENNY

EWENNY CASTLE and PRIORY.

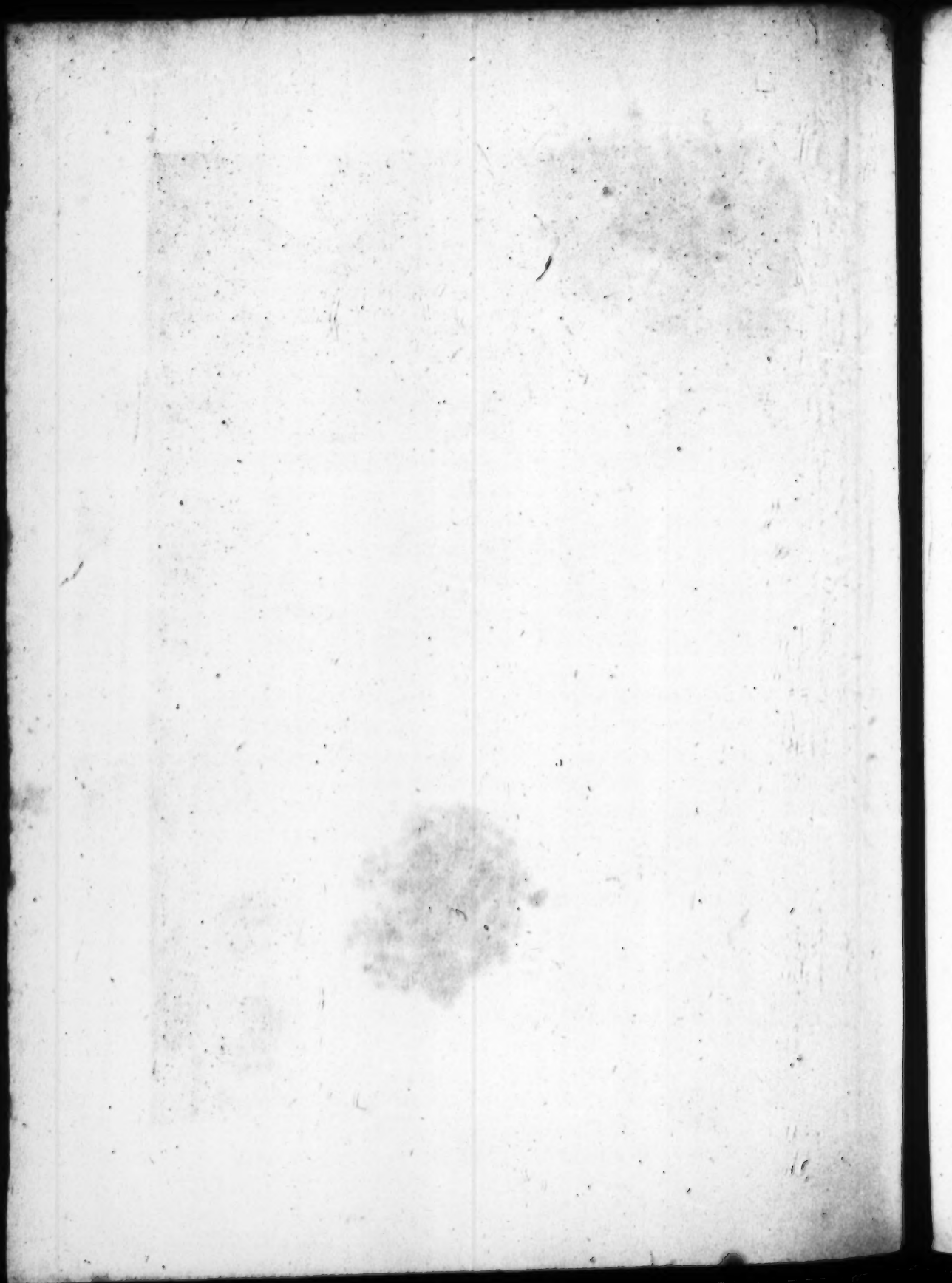
This was a Benedictine Priory, founded by Sir John Londres, Lord of Ogmore Castle, and became a cell to Gloucester Abbey in 1141; it was dedicated to St. Michael, and endowed in the 26th of Henry VIII. with a yearly revenue of 59*l.* 4*s.* upon the dissolution, it was granted as part of the possessions of St. Peter in Gloucester, to Edward Carne, in the 37th year of the same king.

In the church is a very handsome stone effigy to the memory of one of the heads of the family of the Turbervilles, by whom the castle and lordship adjoining have been some time held by virtue of a grant from Fitz Hammon. The priory received several considerable benefactions from the Turbervilles, consisting of lands, firing from the wood, and half of the fish caught in the river Eweny, which were confirmed by charter of Gilbert de Turbervilles, printed in the monasticon. There is a very antient defaced stone effigy, which, in all probability, represented this benefactor, for he appears to have directed in the above charter, that in whatever place he should die, he would be buried in this church, which should also be the burying place of his heirs. The castle appears, from its remains, to have been originally British, and was built so late as King Stephen.

Near



Priory Church, Envenny.



Near this the shattered remains of

OGMORE CASTLE

are discernible from the road; they are near the junction of the two rivers, Ogmores and Wenny, which fall with much rapidity from the hills above Bridge-end, and are lost in the Severn about a mile below this road. *Caradoc's History of Wales* makes mention of Ogmores Castle so early as the reign of William Rufus: but at Fitz Hammon's presenting it to de Londres, it is probable there were new erections or repairs. *Groze*, in his day, compared the keep to those of Rochester, Dover, and the tower of London.

The lordship of Ogmores before the separation of Dunraven, was estimated at four knights fees; very imperfect marks of its order remain.

At this place the neat little town of Bridge-end presents itself to view; it is a short way from the foot of the hills, on a pleasant slope that borders Ogmores. At this place there are sufficient remains of ancient architecture to prove it was once a fortified town, particularly at those parts of it which are still distinguished by the names of Old Castle, and New Castle. A small weekly market is held here for supplying the neighbourhood with provisions. Many families of fashion are resident in this neighbourhood, possessing handsome mansions; of the latter are

Pontynawel, Coytrehen, Court Coleman, Merthyr Mawr Place; besides which many strangers of consideration are daily drawn by the attractions of the country for residence therein.

The way now presents little novelty of prospect, except the new view of the Channel from Newtondown. At

P I L E

is one of the best inns in Wales; it is well managed and hospitable, and is a middle post or change for horses between Cowbridge and Neath. Two miles from hence are trifling remains of Cyn-feg, or Kynffig Castle, said once to have been a residence of Fitz Hammon; and near the village of the same name is

MARGAM ABBEY,

at which place, until the heads of that family became extinct, the noble family of Mansels resided; most of its beautiful chapter-house and some of the cells remain entire. It was founded by Robert Earl of Gloucester for Cistercian Monks, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, in the year of our Lord 1147; it was valued at 1811. 7s. 4d. and granted by Henry VIII. to Rice Mansel, Knt.

In the south-side of the church, which is a division of the chancel, is the burying place of
this

this family for many generations; and where, among several effigies in alabaster, in the recumbent state, is that of Lewis Mansel and his lady, very highly executed. In the other division is a very handsome tablet monument, in memory of Sir Edward Mansel, of Bushey Mansel, and the first Lord Mansel, who was Comptroller to Queen Anne's Household. On one of the pillars opposite the chaplain's door, on a brass tablet, is an engraven epitaph, written in Latin monkish verse by the celebrated Dr. Friend, in memory of Evan Rees, a huntsman to the family.

Adjoining appear the ruins of the family mansion; and near them Mansel Talbot, Esq. the present possessor, hath erected one of the most superb green-houses in the kingdom, which is copiously furnished with native and exotic plants, which are removed at proper seasons to constitute a most beautiful orangerie.

On the top of a hill not far from Margam, is erected a pillar of exceeding hard stone, with a remarkable antique inscription, signifying that one Bodvoc lies buried there; and in the same neighbourhood another appears inscribed with the name "Pompeius Carantorius."

On this way to Aberavon are considerable copper-works, which increase in the neighbourhood of Neath and Swansea; they are mostly carried

on by English companies of tradesmen; the ore is principally brought from Cornwall for the advantage of smelting it, where the coal used in that process is raised, and consequently attained at the least expence; and they have added the advantage of freighting their vessels back to those coasts where the ore and not coal is produced.

Aberavon, on this stage, takes its name from the river Avon, over which there is a bridge; this, as well as the other rivers which are passed on this stage, have their origin but a short way up the mountains, in the union of some small streams, and by a short progress amongst them they are multiplied to a capacious current, which still working on the descents, has dissected them into the various shapes they now exhibit; but the serene valley soothes their violence, and with gentle pace guides them with soft and easy passage to the sea.

The inhabitants of this place indulge the harmless boast of its being anciently a town of great consideration. Adjoining the present village was evidently once a place of some defence, which they still call a castle; some ruins of such sort of an edifice are now visible.

LLANGONNOYD CASTLE

escaped me when I described the inland part of this country; and indeed its situation among mountains

mountains has so far secluded it from general knowledge, that it is often unknown to the inhabitants a few miles from it: it is west of the mountain next this road about four miles; and appears to have been a castle of considerable strength, but there are not sufficient remains by which to guess at the time of its erection.

From hence to Neath, by the mountains pointing more southward, they press the road much nearer the water's edge; and by divers ascents, where woods are seen nodding from infinite heights above, and rocks differently projecting below, you gain the most commanding and extensive views of Neath, and Swansea Bay, on which the curling waves are seen playfully conducting their various burdens in all directions to the adjoining ports; or else the stronger winds or tides are pressing them to a steadier course for the remotest shores. Swansea and the Mumbles are now approximated objects, and the jutting points of land direct the roving eye far beyond them to the great cerulean element.

The inland views of this neighbourhood will not fail to sooth the mind into tranquil contemplation on the blended charms of art and nature: besides the usual descriptions of dwellings in common use of the native inhabitants, there are erected numerous others on a small but elegant scale,

scale, the proprietors of which have, no doubt, been attracted by the above assemblage of beauties; and the mountains, even to the extremest distances, are always partially cultivated by the poor peasantry who inhabit them.

A mile short of Neath, Eagles Bush, the seat of H. Evans, Esq. introduces a fresh subject in a view of the valley of Neath, with the river conducting ships of considerable burden to that town; still farther embellished with the mutilated parts of its extensive "ivy-mantled" abbey, feebly resting on its tottering buttresses, and speaking in silent but expressive language:

"Here time has passed—what ruin marks his way!"

A full and noble back-ground unfolds itself upon the whole, in a new assemblage of mountains, which are seen stretching for the western extremity of Glamorganshire. Near this the

KNOLE

arrests our attention; its late proprietor, Sir Herbert Mackworth, has added to a mansion, originally elegant, all the ornaments of art which a man of wealth and ingenuity could devise: his cascades, temples, parterre, and plantations are admirable; and the rides, lawn, park, and pastures are in the most finished state of improvement; whilst

whilst his great knowledge and natural inclination to mechanics and trade have furnished many picturesque objects in the different engines and mills erected on the mine works, &c. in the domains adjoining.

The family of Mackworth is not old in these parts; the first was Sir Humphrey Mackworth, Knight, who attained the estate here, by his marriage with Miss Evans, the then heiress thereof; its boundaries adjoin the town of Neath. Its present possessor is Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.

DUNRAVEN CASTLE,

the residence of Thomas Wyndham, Esq. Representative in Parliament for the County of Glamorgan, who possesses it from alliance with the noble family of Edwins, sometime resident in this county; its situation gives it an excellent command of the Severn Sea, as the rock on which it is erected, points some way from the land; and it is a very conspicuous object to those who navigate the channel near.

The following account I have taken from *Cara-dock's History of Wales*: "William Londres, Lord of the Castle and Manor of Ogmere, gave to Sir Arnold Butler, his servant, the Castle and Manor of Dunraven, in the Lordship of Ogmere aforesaid, the which hath ever since continued in the heirs male of the said Arnold Butler, until

til within these few years, when it fell to Walter Vaughn, sister's son to Arnold Butler, the last of the Butlers that were owners thereof." These Vaughns appear to have long resided at Dunraven; at last it became the property of the Wyndhams, of which family is the present possessor: it exhibits much work of antiquity, and is supposed, in its first perfection, to have been a religious house; it has evidently undergone several improvements, the most conspicuous are modern: near the mansion was once a burying place of the early possessors. The shore at South-erdown, near this place, is found convenient to strangers for bathing in the tides. By fording the river some way below Ogmore, which is done with safety at low water, this road may be still continued near the coast, to

NEWTON,

a convenient retired mansion, lately converted to the use of strangers, &c. who attend on the above purpose. There are excellent roads through the whole of this neighbourhood, which at times are producing subjects for admiration. Near the mouth of Ogmore the traveller passes some engaging slips of rock-scenery, which support extensive plains of pasturage; and upon the wandering extremities of them, next the sea, there is commodious passage for those in the pursuit of health or amusement. The extensive sands of the

the sea shore, by the western winds working upon their surface, are forced into large drifts that stand through much of the coast like barriers to the threatening tides; various trains of these fanciful ridges of adventitious earth, continue in the way to Swansea; they are mostly barren, or sparingly tufted with insipid vegetation. After passing the ancient borough of Kenfig, you again gain the great post road near Margam; an incredible report is given by the inhabitants, that a great lake which appears at the former place, and is near two miles in circumference, inundated their ancient town, and so extinguished their consequence. Here the charter of a Borough is still holden by the Burgesses of Glamorganshire; besides the many subjects of antiquity which serve so strongly to mark this deserted track sometime to have been the principal thoroughfare in Glamorganshire from the eastern to the western ends thereof, I have copied *Camden's* description of it, and which is indeed, with what is before selected, the principal contents of his History of this County:

" Beyond these islands (speaking of Sulley, &c.) the shore is continued directly westward, receiving only one river, upon which, a little more within land, lies Cowbridge, called by the Britons from the stone bridge, y Bont Vaen, a market town, and the second of those three which the conqueror Fitz Hammon reserved for himself.

" In regard Antoninus places the city Bovium in this tract, and at this distance from the sea, I flattered myself once with the conjecture that this must be Bovium; but seeing that three miles distant from this town we find Boverton, which agrees exactly with Bovium, I could not without injury to truth seek for Bovium elsewhere.

" Fifteen miles from Bovium, *Antoninus*, using also a Latin name, hath placed Nidum, which, though our antiquarians have a long time searched for in vain, yet at the same distance we find Neath, (in British Neab,) retaining still its Latin name almost entire.

" At Lantwit or St. Iltut's is a village, adjoining are the foundations of many buildings, and formerly it had several streets.

" St. Donat's Castle was the habitation of the ancient and noble family of the Stradlings, near which are said to have been anciently dug up some very scarce Roman coins.

" Kinfin Castle likewise belonged heretofore to Fitz Hammon;" to which he adds Margam, and ends this subject.

N E A T H

is a very irregular town, but has considerable increasing trade and a very crowded market, owing to





to the vast number of families who are dependent on the works of the neighbourhood; it has likewise great exports of coal, iron, &c. and imports much grain, &c. from the opposite coast, and trades much with Bristol, &c. Independent of the respectable families of its neighbourhood, many inhabit the town. It has a Portreeve chose annually, and has a Custom-House. The annexed view shews near the whole remains of its castle; when it was first erected is uncertain, but it was re-built by Richard de Grena Villa at his taking possession of it by the gift of Fitz Hammon in 1090. The greater part of it was destroyed by Llewellyn Prince of Wales in 1231; the remaining character of it leads to a supposition it was once a most magnificent structure. The neighbouring

ABBEY of NEATH

owes its foundation to the above de Grena Villa, which continued to the dissolution of religious houses at the Reformation. It was dedicated to Mary Magdalen. There are still such monuments of its former splendor as fill the mind at once with awe and regret; as much exists of its church as will furnish an idea of its original extent. The grand hall, or perhaps dining-room, is supported by a single roof pillar in the centre of a fine oblong, which supports with great lightness a set of Gothic arches which uphold

hold the roofs; the other parts of this extensive building have been appropriated for cells and dwellings to the monastic melancholy of its former sequestered inhabitants.

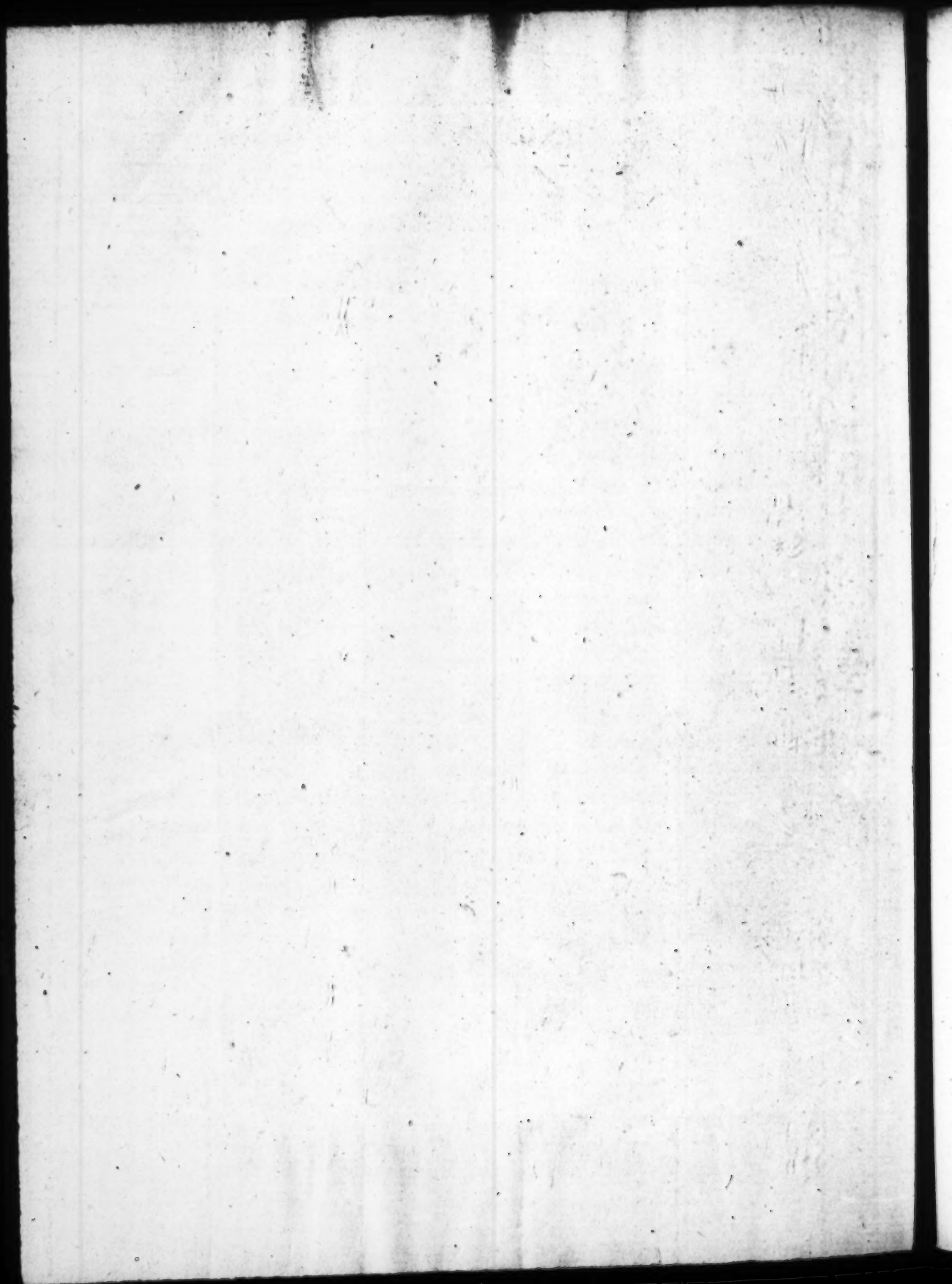
Adjoining are the remains of what looks like an hospitable mansion, and must have been the residence of an Abbot, Prior, or Principal of the Society. There is a tradition of a subterraneous passage from hence to the castle of Neath, that was contrived to serve as a retreat to the possessors of the former, in cases of extreme danger from invaders; but I cannot observe any marks of such communication remaining, though the expedient is not uncommon to such situations. They form great expectations of advancing the trade of this neighbourhood, by communicating the navigation of their river to a canal that is forming through the vale to the inland mountains, as at Cardiff.

On crossing the river Neath you are led by a turnpike which passes Cadoxton, where are two neat houses, the possessions of Mrs. Williams and Mr. Parsons, along the vale to Aber Dulas and Pontnedvaughn.

ABER DULAS WATER-FALL.

The annexed view is the best feature of this celebrated beauty of nature: in the driest seasons it drops many tons of water in a minute; there are several breaks to it, the greatest perpendicular





cular height from which it falls without such interruption is about 20 feet; this louder dash of the current being mellowed with the responses from those diversified stops which check its velocity through the rocks, there is apparent harmony in the sounds it produces.

By spreading the view a short way from the annexed engraving, a Corn-Mill is drawn into it, that is served by the superfluities of water from the channel. The whole is in the estates of T. Llewelyn, Esq. who is master of much property in this valley, on which he has a handsome mansion; the Rev. I. G. Aubrey has another, with a similar share of property attached to it; and another large portion is the property of William Kemis, Esq. There is likewise a road from Neath through this vale on the opposite side of the river passing Tynyhreow, the seat of — Hopkins, Esq. and by this way you are led to the Denis, (or City Rock), which is a most remarkable beauty of the country; it is about 14 miles from Neath, and near it is an astonishing lake, situated on the highest part of these mountains. Near the village of Ystrad-vettle, in the county of Brecon, within about two miles of the confines of Glamorganshire, is a noted cavern, called Porth' Gogof; the little river Mellte sinks out of sight above, but emerges again in the cavern, where the noise of the waters adds considerably to the natural

Y

solemnity

solemnity of the scene; and, on this way, you attain the view of a Water-fall of a considerable stream and of equal depth to that of Aberdyllis; this is on the estates of Lord Vernon, who is proprietor of a great share of the adjoining territory.

The picturesque beauties of the valley of Neath are perhaps equal to any in South Wales for the same extent; the bending intermediate pastures are enriched with luxuriant herbage to every margin of a copious river that is exploring a central course through the whole;—the rocks that are discernable through the interweaving branches above, appear springing into stupendous masses that are frowning upon the scene with terrific sublimity;—at other places the landscape is enlivened with numberless smaller cascades that are constantly foaming through this maze of beauty to find repose in the gentler streams below.

There is a turnpike road the whole distance from Pontnedvaugn to Brecon, but it crosses a very dreary track of mountains which display nothing interesting or novel that is worthy observation or remark, except that it passes the line of a great Roman Road that evidently began in Aberavon parish, on a line with one that ended on the opposite English coast, and passing Glamorganshire, it was directed over the most mountainous parts of Breconshire, Radnorshire, Montgomeryshire,

gomeryshire, &c. to the isle of Anglesey: it is no where less than 30 feet wide, sometimes more: it was called by the Britons, Sarn Helens, or Helen's Road. Near where it is passed on this way to Brecon are two others of those monumental marks of a Roman and a Britain, most probably regarded warriors of those nations, slain here in their struggles against each other. It is remarkable that they are every where to be met with on the borders of the above Helen's Road, and are nearly similar to those heretofore described in Glamorganshire.

A road leads you eastward from the above place to Merthir Tydfil; the which probably passes all the way upon vast subterraneous treasures of coal, iron, lime, and other mineral productions.

FROM NEATH TO SWANSEA,

This road passes within a bow-shot of the Abbey of Neath; and near the same distance on the right is Court Harbert, the seat of F. Williams, Esq. Near the steep ascent to the great mountain of Drumau, which shews here like the terminating link to the vast chain of Glamorganshire hills, Dyffryn (the usual residence of the antient family of the Williams's) is seen in many points of view from the valleys below.— Some have traced the genealogy of this family as far back as Justin ap Gwrgaret, prince of Glamorgan.

About three miles from Neath, on a similar scale of elevation, is Drumau, so called from the aforementioned mountain of that name, which shelters it from the North, as it does Dyffrin from the west. After continuing the ride a short way from hence, a new face of country appears in view with very different features to any hitherto described: it arises from the borders of the River Tawe, or Townen; this river leads the tide from the sea near Swansea for some way farther into the country. A neat bridge is constructed over it in this road with a single arch and circular tunnels, similar to those at New Bridge.

The Townen takes its source as far as the Van Hills in Breconshire, passing Abercraf, the ancient seat of the old family of Gwyns, and near this are the celebrated Druidical remains, called the Seven Stones; they consist of that number fixed erect in the earth, at proper distances from each other, pointing due east and west. They are of considerable magnitude, and are said to be considered by the antients as emblematical of the seven Arch Angels, to whom were intrusted the guardianship of the neighbouring mountains. Added to coal, lime, &c. some lead mines are said to have been lately discovered near the course of this river.—About Clido a good road is formed that travels all the way down with the river to the above bridge, and joins that to Swansea. The

The more stately mountains have now declined the parts they have so long sustained through the varied scenery of this tour, and the most conspicuous in this view are much defaced by cutting after the veins of coal, which diversly impregnate them from hence to the entrance of Carmarthenshire, whilst the effluvia from the copper-works, that are carried on to such great extent in this neighbourhood, are so deleterious to vegetation, that some spots of land, where its infection falls with most force, are marked with absolute sterility.

The elegant improvements that for some way encircle the seat of John Morris, Esq. Glasmont, shew themselves to great advantage in contrast with these rougher aspects. The house is modern, and of an elegant plan, but there wants more out-fence, or other judicious plantations on its boundaries, more effectually to separate its scenery from the poverty of that around it. The considerable village of Morris-town, which the road passes, was lately raised for the accommodation of those dependent on his numerous works; and a great share of the exports of coal to the western countries of the kingdom, and other coasts, are from his abundant mines.

The mines of this country are generally worked
by

by means of rail-roads to the wharfs or manufactories, but some less contiguous have short canals for conveying their produce.

By leaving the great post road two miles before it reaches Neath, crossing Briton-ferry and continuing on the coast of Swansea-ferry, you save six miles and an half from the length of the journey to the latter place; this is advisable to horse and foot passengers, a boat being always at call to the accommodation of either, and the Swansea river is a safe ford at low water. At

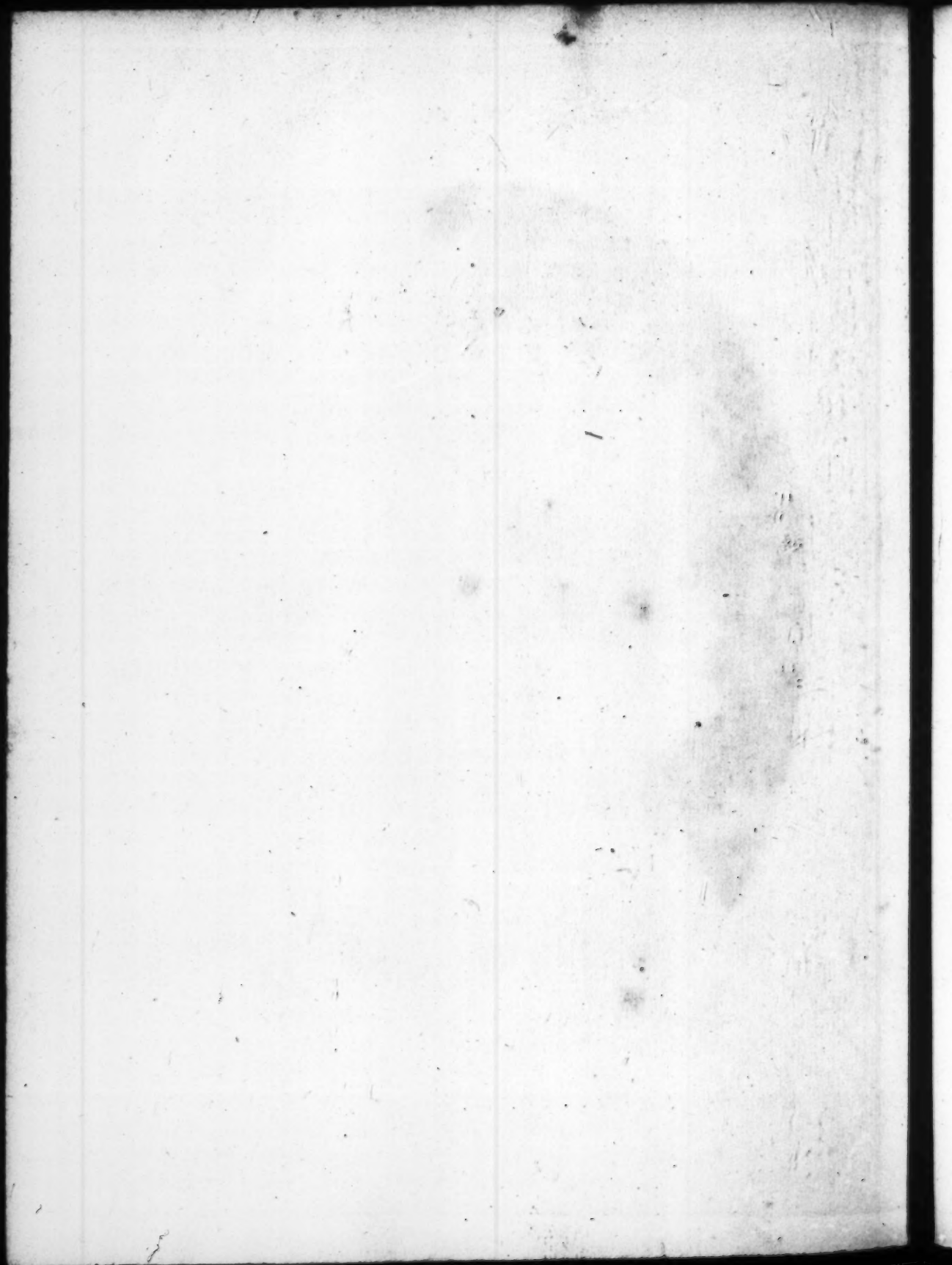
BRITON-FERRY (LANISHAWEL)

is a neat mansion, possessed by the Right Honourable Lord Vernon; the dwelling is obscured from common observation by the over-hanging groves and obstructive cliffs differently intervening, but it is a pleasing obscurity; the powerful tides break from their sandy beds through the whole into the channel of Neath river, at once to animate and enliven the scene.

This house, with its dependances, may be said to afford every convenience for fashionable retirement or rural splendour. Many artists who are fond of imitating the romantic rules of nature have been struck with the lessons she shews here, and the most simple copy
of



Dr. William Henry



of them exhibits something to please; for there is scarce a situation where so many grotesque forms in water, woods, and rocks are so soon collected. The present noble proprietor became possessor of it by his marriage with the only daughter and heiress of the Right Hon. Bushey Mansel, the last Baron of Margam.

SWANSEA

was called by the antient British Aber Tawe, from its situation on the border of the river Tawe. It is in a great measure the property of the Duke of Beaufort. The castle was first built by Henry Beaumont, Earl of Warwick, in 1113, after which Griffith ap Rhys ap Theodore, Prince of South Wales, burnt down the greatest part of it. Henry Gower, Bishop of St. David's, founded an Hospital here for poor, blind, sick and aged persons, under the government of a master and six chaplains.

Besides the castle, which is the property of the Duke of Beaufort, there is a considerable court or citadel, formerly provided with complete military offices, &c. &c. and which was strongly protected with double walls and towers, part of which are still remaining; some have asserted this to be first erected by Dyfnwalmoel Mud, a Welch Prince, said to live four hundred years before our Saviour, but for this there is only tradition; these antient remains are the property of R. C. Jones, Esq.

This

This town is governed by a portreeve chosen annually, and twelve aldermen; and from the same causes as at Neath has most crowded markets, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Between the town and the sea there is a portion of waste land, called the Burrows, which is converted into a public walk, and from it the surrounding prospects of differently directed hills, and the extensive level of waters below, are equally gratifying to taste or contemplation; and the pleasing sensations are easily augmented and improved from the beautiful eminences that for some way encircle the town.

Since the custom of sea-bathing has been so prevalent, this town has had a very considerable share of resort from the most distinguished persons of fashion in the kingdom; it is found a most convenient trip for the inhabitants of Bristol, Bath, and the countries adjoining the Severn Sea, the passage by water being every way commodious and expeditious; there are very convenient bathing machines provided on the shore, which are worked at all states of the tide.

The Kilve Hills, which are on the eastern side of the river, overlook that side of the town with most singular effect; and from Swansea Hill the western side of it is presented in a striking and

and advantageous point of view, whilst the declivity next the sea is marked with many handsome dwellings for visitors, or the genteel inhabitants.

The sands southward are generally selected by company for their common rides, on which for three miles the expanse is firm in its structure, and level in its surface; near the end, at a proper distance from the sea, is the Upper and Lower Sketty, two beautiful retirements of Sir Francis Holbourn, and his relative R. Sheldon, Esq. above them is the Hill House, an elegant seat of the Rev. Mr. Hancorn; other handsome houses are interspersed at different distances from the town. A few miles from Swansea, a lane leaves the shore and leads to

OYSTERMOUTH CASTLE.

It takes its name from the parish in which it stands; the entrance to it is at the south end, which projects to break the square that is nearly its form; it was protected by double gates and portcullisses, those, with the whole of the walls, are of wonderful strength; on the easternmost side, level with the wall, is the Keep, which exhibits the best specimen of architecture, which, as well as the rest, is Gothic: there appears to have been two adjoining apartments, with upper rooms of sixteen yards in the square each, that communicated to each other by small doors, and under the nethermost of

these was a private arched vault, by the side of these are numberless other subordinate apartments; there were ways from all to the battlements which surrounded the whole. The castle with much of the adjoining territory is the property of the Duke of Beaufort.

A short way from hence, under an elevated point of land, which has been long seen stretching into the sea, is

THE MUMBLES:

on the farthest point, which is known by the name of Mumble Head, a light-house is erecting to accommodate the navigators in the Bristol Channel; the village is on the eastern beach that skirts this rocky barrier, a situation admirably fixed to shelter vessels harrassed by foul winds in the channel.

The coast here, as far as the Wormshead in Gowerland, produces a great abundance of oysters; variety of other shell-fish breed in the adjoining rocks, whilst the shallow waters in the channel every where teem with turbot, soals, cod, whiting, &c. &c. not to be enumerated.

GOWERLAND.

A circuitous tour may be taken through this province of Glamorganshire, by leaving the coast near Oystermouth and continuing a good road

road through Bishopston, Highway, Penard, Nicliston, Renoldston, Rupiley, Llanguny, Llanmadog, Llandemere, Llandidon, Pentelow, and Llangher, at which last place you return to a way which shall be described in the general tour from Swansea to Carmarthen. Thus the whole circuit of this peninsula is made in about thirty miles. The places producing the above names are the situation of a parish church, with a small neighbourhood of cottagers, selected by accident more than design, scarce to be termed villages, but bear pleasing resemblances to pastoral simplicity.

The inhabitants differ much in their manners from those of the inland parts of the county; whilst their language is entirely changed, being wholly English: this is a very singular circumstance in so small a space of territory, especially as in that circle of the country which is next to them, the Welch language is most prevalent.

This district, perhaps on account of its fertility and command of the sea, seems to have been an early theatre of civil contention, and to have held out an early lure to invaders; for we find it was taken in the reign of King Stephen by Roger Bellamont, Earl of Warwick, who is recorded to have founded a priory at Llangenith, in Gowerland, that was dedicated to St. Kenned, which was seized as an alien priory and granted to All Souls College, in Oxon, in 1441.

Half

Half a mile from Bishopston is Kettle Hill, the handsome seat of I. B. Popkin, Esq. Farther on the right is a large mansion, late the property of W. Dawkin, Esq. At Penard are the remains of a small fortification, which seems to have been useful in protecting vessels that 30 years ago might have anchored in the channel beneath; but the uncommon inundations of sand appear to have overflowed this shore and choked the usual passage. A stream of fresh water that courses this way from the country still marks the track of it; and near where it falls into the sea, the shore is adorned with the most beautiful rock-scenery of vast dimensions, and in the most delightful orders of nature. In some places tremendous arched caverns usher the tide under these high promontories with heavy clamours, which rebound from rock to rock in loud tumultuous crash.

It is common to observe those stupendous masses sometimes towering from a level expanse of sand, or water, to the prodigious height of 60 and 80 feet; and through the base of one of this description, the waves have found a complete subterraneous passage into the bay adjoining. At low water the sands here are dry and firm, and the traveller explores the turns and recesses of these stone labyrinths with ease and satisfaction.

A little

A little farther on this coast is Oxwich Bay, the whole of which, except where it is intersected by small rivulets, is left dry when the tide is down, which affords travellers the opportunity of passing with safety and expedition from one terminating point of land to the other. Extensive plains of sand are every where shewing themselves at low water between the rocks and the channel, and are very favourable to distant prospects of the former: but they shew with best effect from open boats when the tide is at full; these are procured at Swansea or the Mumbles, with proper pilots to manage them, and the voyage is effected within a Summer's day.

On one side of Oxwich Bay is Oxwich Castle. This situation seems never to have been a place formed for defence, but it is of great antiquity. It was built by one of the ancient family of the Mansels, and was long inhabited by some of that name.

PENRISE CASTLE

overlooks this varied scenery with an awful superiority; it is a compleat work of defence, of great beauty and magnificence; the celebrated Prince Ap Rice, after having made a most formidable stand here against the invaders of his country, was at last dislodged by the enemies entrenching themselves at Caven-brin. Traces of their work appear to this day near Penrise Church.

A a

The

The grand entrance to this Castle is on the north side, where there is an entire gateway, properly fortified with strong towers on each side, now in good preservation, as are many other of the outworks, part of the keep, &c. &c.

The wealthy proprietor, Mansel Talbot, Esq. has lately erected a most elegant mansion on this domain, where he often resides.—Nature has embellished the spot with some of her best ornaments; and the local additions of the possessor, are ingenious essays to further her designs.

Stout-Hall is another elegant modern mansion, about a mile from Penrife. The Proprietor, J. Lucas, Esq. has much fertile land in his neighbourhood, in the best state of cultivation.

Most of the coast from hence to the *Wormshead*, the farthest point of this peninsula, is a rocky shore, which at times continues to exhibit the most grotesque and fantastic aspects.

Two miles from Stout-Hall is Landew Castle, next Landemere, then Weably, Langinith, and Laughher; the above are of small extent, and are wholly unrecorded in the annals of ancient history. At Laughher, by a ferry or ford, you cross the river Laughher into

C A R M A R T H E N S H I R E.

The river Laughher, which divides this part of it from Glamorganshire, rises out of the remarkable

able rock that supports Carig-cenon Castle.
[See Tour from Brecon to Carmarthen.]

POST ROAD from Swansea to Carmarthen

is through Pontardillas and Llanon. After leaving Swansea four miles on the right, J. Llewellyn, Esq. has a handsome seat, after which there is little in this journey for the artist or antiquary to admire. The hills want deportment, and the vallies dress; whilst the ancient edifices which adorn this county, are either left on the coast, or only shew themselves to the more fertile inland vallies. All this district, which is called the Cantremaur Hundred, might probably have been neglected, whilst the inward parts of the country were improved from the judicious pursuits of agriculture and commerce. For Camden thus describes it, "Thick set with woods, and thereby affording a safe refuge for the Britains in times past; cumbersome to travel in, by reason the ways are intricate by the windings in and out of the hills." The many inlets, from the sea which every where interrupt the passage on this part of the coast, must likewise have rendered the projects of their invaders both difficult and dangerous.

Forest Hall, (Miss Owen's,) commands the best prospect of any in the neighbourhood, and by

that a road leads on the right through Llandebya to Llandilo.

L A N O N

is a small village about half way between Swansea and Carmarthen; here there is established a very comfortable inn; it is lately raised for a resting place or change for horses, between the latter places, by J. Thomas, Esq. who has an excellent mansion about a mile on the right, and from hence a new road is forming over what is called, the Great Mountain to Llandilo, by way of the beautiful valley of Towy; another is likewise in forwardness to lead on the same hand by Middleton Hall, Llanarthney, and Lletherlestry. The first of these is a new mansion, finishing in the highest stile of elegance, by ----- Packston, Esq. and the latter is the neat residence of Vaughan Horton, Esq.

CARMARTHEN, or CARMARDINE,

evidently long ranked, as the first town in South Wales, for commerce and consequence, and has often been distinguished as the metropolis of the Principality. Some mention Swansea, and some Haverfordwest, to have latterly rivalled it in this honour, whilst some historians have described Kidwelly more eminent than either. Leland, who is supposed to have produced the most authentic records, says, "Caermardine hath increased since Kidwelli Havin decayed." Since that period

period Carmarthen has been thus noticed by Camden, " This is the chief city of the country! for meadows and woods, pleasant! and in regard of antiquity to be respected; compassed about very properly with brick walls, which are partly yet standing upon the famous river Towy—Able to bear small ships, although there be a beam of sand cast up against the very mouth thereof. Strait after the Normans entered into Wales, this city was reduced, and for a long time suffered many calamities and distresses, being oftentimes assailed, once or twice set on fire by Griffin ap Rice, then by Rice the said Griffin's brother. At which time Henry Turberville secured the Castle, and hewed down the bridge; but afterwards by the means of Gilbert de Clare, who fortified both the walls thereof, and the castles adjoining, it was freed from these miseries, and therefore endured afterwards more easily from time to time the tempests of war, and all assaults; and the Prince of Wales, of the English blood, ordained here the chancery and exchequer for all South Wales."

It is governed by a mayor, six aldermen, and a common council, has a neat town-hall, where the great sessions for the county are held, has plentiful and crowded markets, where all sorts of provisions are procured, perhaps more reasonable than in any other part of the kingdom.

There

There are many handsome dwellings, possessed by people of fortune, and there is a shew of wealth and credit in the houses of trade; but the chief of the town may be described as *populous and poor*, with a great want of regularity in the streets.

It is every way surrounded with small hills, which look with pleasing aspect upon it. In a serene cottage, on the bosom of one that bends with soft descent upon the Towy, Sir Richard Steele is said to have composed most of those periodical epistles which add so much to his celebrity as an author.

There is a singularity in the dresses of the poorer female inhabitants through these western counties that always takes the notice of strangers; they are the manufactory of the country, flannel or coarse woollen cloth; their under dresses are mostly of the former, with dark brown jackets and mantles of the same hanging loosely over their shoulders, their heads are bound with a handkerchief, and they have hats of felt of the same fashion of those worn by the men: some suppose these habits were taken from the Flemings, who made their settlement in Pembroke-shire about 600 years ago. They have a beauty in their persons; and among those of fashion there generally appears an elegance in their deportment, an affability of manners, and a generosity of disposition that distinguishes them.

Little

Little of the castle is now remaining, except the principal gateway, which is mostly entire, and shews good workmanship; its form is pretty much like that of Neath. (See *Neath Castle*.) It is the property of J. Vaughn, Esq. The complete fortification must have had a most formidable appearance; it was the full extent of a large projecting precipice that overlooks the neighbouring plain, through which the river meanders with becoming beauty.—The Ivy Bush is a well managed and hospitable inn.

The COAST ROAD continued

through Llanelly and Kidwelly to Carmarthen, is by a small carriage road which passes from Laughor Ferry, and leads into one that runs from Pontardilais to the first-mentioned place; but as there is no object in this space for the traveller to admire, it is most adviseable to take the post road from Swansea to Pontardilais, and go thence by the old road to Llanelly, near which it comes again upon the coast.

L L A N E L L Y

is an inconsiderable market-town, at which there is a custom-house mostly in use for the entry of coal for exportation, of which much is raised in the neighbourhood. Llanelly House is far the best object in the place; it was once the residence of some of the ancient family of the Vaughan's, and sometime of the Stepney's, &c. There is an

an extensive inlet of water breaks from the bay of Tenby some way into the coast here, as it does at Laughher, of sufficient depth to bear ships of considerable burthen; at Kidwelly is a similar channel for them; and at Llanstephan and Laugharne are others. The bay is formed by the land of Gower and the southernmost part of Pembrokeshire, pointing a considerable way into the sea; a bank of sand leads from each extreme point, and prevents ships of the largest size from approaching with safety within the circle of shore on which it is situated, which may measure near 60 or 70 miles in circumference; such banks are common to harbours so situated, and are called bars.

KIDWELLY.

The castle here is one of the most noble objects of antiquity in Wales; the first view shews the principal gateway, and the second is the keep, or inner garrison. It was built soon after the conquest by Maurice de Londris, one of the Norman Knights who conquered Glamorganshire. It was destroyed in 1093 by Kadogan ap Blethyn. It was re-built anno 1190, by Rees, Prince of South Wales, and again demolished by Rees, son of Griffyth ap Rees, and being once more re-edified, underwent various revolutions till it fell to the crown. It was granted by Henry VII. to Sir Rice ap Thomas, Knight of the Garter, but being fortified by his grandson,
Rice

Rice Griffith, it was granted to Sir Richard Vaughan, Earl of Carbery, Lord President of Wales, and is now the property of J. Vaughan, Esq.—Some writers will have it there was a still more considerable fortification to protect what was called Old Kidwelli than that which appears at the present, and according to Camden was possessed by Refani, a Scot.

“ The castel is very fair, and duple waulled ;
I saw ther 3 gates, and over one of them was
the ruine of a fair Town Haul, and under, a
prison.”—*Leland*.

Here was a priory of Benedictine Monks, founded by Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, about 1130, and made subordinate to Sherbourn in Dorsetshire ; it was dedicated to St. Mary, and valued at 30l. The present is a Borough Town, at which there is a small market ; the burgesses of it have very singular chartered privileges.

The country about it is still intersected with abundant coal mines, at which the quality of that article undergoes a complete change from any hitherto raised on the coast before described ; for in this neighbourhood, and through the whole southernmost parts of Pembrokehire, they produce the culm so much in use through all parts of Europe for close kilns or stoves, where grain, hops, and other articles are dried. From

B b

hence

hence a good road leads on the coast to Llanstephan Ferry; or by the borders of Towy, you are brought to Carmarthen: about two miles from Llanelly, Sir E. Mansel, Bart. has a good mansion; and between Kidwelly and Llanstephan, Sir W. Mansel has another; they have both excellent command of the water, and are decorated with woods and pasturage.

TOWY CASTLE,

the residence of the Rev. Mr. Evans, is on the site of another small fortification which commanded the river Towy, a few miles below Carmarthen.

On the higher lands near Llanstephan Ferry, the passage again becomes beautiful, the soil becomes richer, and the stratas of coal not reaching them, the possessors have more inducement to agricultural pursuits; and though the shore has not that dignity of aspect as appears in some of the past scenery, it is every where sufficiently eminent to overlook the water with great effect.

The heavier waves that are seen pressing from the complete ocean with new vehemence, feel sufficient resistance in the rocky barriers that sustain the town of Tenby; new characters everywhere appear in the isles and projecting points about it, and compensate for our losses on the opposite coast; for the Devonshire cliffs are fast retreating

retreating beneath fantastic purple veils, and the farther Cornish land is only visible as an expanse of fainter blue.

The borders of Taff next the sea properly compare with the other beauties of the scene, and the passage of it was doubly fortified with the ancient castles of Talcharn and Llanstephan; near the former, the White House was likewise a famous religious establishment.

It was an Abbey of Cistercian Monks, and was founded, according to some accounts, in the time of King William the Conqueror, by Ruefe, the son of Theodore, Prince of South Wales; others suppose Bishop Bernard was the founder. It was dedicated to St. Mary, and in the 26th of Hen. VIII. its revenue was 135l. 3s. 6d. At this place, according to Camden, in the year 914, Howel Dda, or Howel the Good, in an assembly of his States, abrogated the ancient ordinances, and established new laws for his subjects, as the proem to the very laws themselves do witness.—In which place afterward the Abbey of White Land was some time standing; and in this neighbourhood much Roman coin hath at times been found.

The river Taff produces a great abundance of salmon and sewin, and the adjoining bay very much abounds with oysters and other useful shell-

shell-fish, from whence the neighbouring country is served at the most reasonable terms; the sewin are peculiar to the rivers in this country, they are much like the salmon in form and flavour, but of less size.

By continuing the coast through Llanstephan and Llaugharn to Tenby and Pembroke, the traveller attains a view of far the most engaging part of the country to be described in this tour.

The POST ROAD continued

to Haverfordwest, Milford-Haven, or Pembroke: this is done by way of St. Clare's and Narbeth.

To those who are most impressed with the passing scenes of nature, and have the best interest in the varied characters she exhibits, this part of my tour will be found wearisome and generally dull. Through much of the way here the land is barren, other places are very indifferently cultivated, and there is a sad want of ornament in every part of it, particularly after leaving Carmarthenshire.

St. CLARE'S

is the first stage, at which there is a very comfortable and well-conducted inn. It is a small village, but was doubtless some time of particular note: there are several features in the ruins of ancient building, and in the forms of the

the earth where it borders the river Tawe, there are such traces as often remain at the situation of former British fortifications; and the large tumulus that appears over the whole is such as they often raised to support their keep or towers to such works.

Here was an alien priory, consisting of a prior and two Cluniac monks, belonging to St. Martin Descampes, in France. It was given by King Henry the VIth, in the 20th year of his reign, to All Souls' College, Oxford.

Small vessels are brought hither by the tide from Laugharne creek, which are chiefly used in the importation of lime-stone for the use of the inland country, and in conveying the produce of those parts to markets.

A cross road passes from St. Clare's to Newcastle Amblyn; on which way, John Miles, Esq. has a neat house, (Pentowyn). Another is directed to the village of Llanboydy, passing the seat of W. Bivon, Esq. (Penycoad). This last is an object that much enriches the general views of the country: it is situated on a circular eminence. The mansion is neatly formed, and dressed in the purest white; every subordinate office and wall-fence of it is of equal brilliancy, whereby they yield united assistance to the general show; and the lands around the whole are managed with answerable attention.

C c

Farther

Farther upon this way is Castle Gorwood, Capt. Bowen's; and Masguuynne, W. Powell's, Esq. There is another road likewise leads from St. Clare's to the coast at Laugharne.

St. CLARE's to NARBORTH.

After travelling a few miles of uneven roads over a tedious succession of uncomely hills, the prospects are very extensive, but wearisome and unpleasing. Those happy subjects of rural industry that so often beautify the Welch landscape, are lost. The cottagers in general are shockingly poor, consequently they have not pride nor power to dress their habitations with wanton embellishments like the thriving clown, nor have they spirits to enliven the scenes with actions of hilarity; and the farms here are so many examples of the indolence or incapacity of the possessors. The country has every way a fair champaign surface; the soil is often rich, and well suited for agriculture; they have the best advantages for manuring; besides which, some of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood not only offer them liberal bounties for their improvements, but give them examples for their practice therein; yet it is notorious how insensible they are to these opportunities. Their inclosures are mostly over-run with furze or heath. The breeding of cattle seems their principal dependance; by pounding or chopping the
the

the green furze for their food they support them through winter, and the more grateful summer provides for them at breeding.

Some have made their reflections on the Welch farmers too general; a great part of them have claims to our tenderest consideration---perhaps the wretched descendants from a numerous moorland race, whose humble possessions are fenced by circling hills from their just portions of the genial sun; others, and those in numbers, have scanty divisions on the fenceless mountain's side, and what are blessings to the inhabitants of the smooth Sylvan plains, are to them subjects of distress.--- The showers of summer, which should feed or refresh their rising prospects of abundance, are hurried from these declivities without effecting their mission; and perhaps carry with them to the river beneath, the soils, which were collected with painful exertions to nourish vegetation; the nitrous riches too from a frost pass through the same channel with the streams which follow the thaws of spring.

At Eglwys Cummin, a small village a little distance from the road, they give a traditionary report, that the great statesman and courtier, Sir John Perrott, had a splendid dwelling, where he for some time eluded the vigilance of pursuers, who had warrants to attain him for the charge of

high treason. There are some remains of a mansion that might have been considerable, but the above relation is not always credited.

T A V E R N S P I T E.

This is the exact end of Pembroke-shire and Carmarthen-shire, at which there is a handsome inn that gives good accommodations at reasonable terms; and it is now become more particularly useful from the want of a proper substitute in the place of the hospitable hostess of St. Clare's, now no more.

P E M B R O K E S H I R E.

This has sometimes been called West Wales, and in antient records, "the legal county of Pembroke." It is every where bounded by the sea, except on the east where it is joined to Carmarthen-shire, or to the north where it joins Cardigan-shire. This part of the principality has been very particularly affected by the endless strife of its alternate possessors within, and very often alarmed with the enterprises of hostile strangers without. It marks the end of the Bristol channel on one side, and has great proximity to Ireland on the other, which gives it many commercial advantages; and its numberless mansions, castles, and monastic establishments, are assurances of its early grandeur and population.

In

In 1105, the Flemings and Normans, according to Camden, by the following circumstance became the entire possessors of a great part, or perhaps the whole, of this country: "A very dismal and calamitous accident happening in the Low Countries, a great part of Flanders being drowned by the overflowing of the sea, the inhabitants were obliged to seek some other country to dwell in; and a great many being come over to England, they requested of King Henry to assign them some part of his kingdom where they may settle themselves; the king being in a manner assured that these foreigners, from having before proved their attachment to him, would be a considerable thorn in the side of the Welch (yet unsubdued), bestowed upon them the county of Ross, in Dyfid, or West Wales, where they continue to this day."

These Flemings, as might be apprehended, had much contention with the native Welch; and in 1217, they were entirely subdued by them. Prince Llewellyn ap Jorwerth marched to Dyfid, and being at Keven Kynwarchan, the Flemings sent to him to desire a peace, but the Prince would not grant them their request, and young Rys passed the river Kledew to fight with those of the town of Haverfordwest; whereupon Jorwerth, Bishop of St. David's, with all his clergymen, came to the Prince to intercede for peace on behalf of the Flemings, which after
long

long debating was thus concluded.---First, that all the inhabitants of Rofs and the land of Pembroke should become the Prince's subjects, and ever from henceforth take him for their liege Lord.---Secondly, that they should pay him one thousand marks toward his charges before Michaelmas next coming.---Thirdly, that for the performance of this, they should deliver forthwith to the Prince 20 pledges of the best in all the country.

Approaching Narborth, the near lands become better ornamented: the usual level is sometimes broken by the intervention of some rivulets, between which many portions of it appear to be of the finest quality; and the improved verdure evinces us the husbandman of this district advances in skill before his neighbour we have just noticed.

Preffelly Top is the only distant height that has the least approach toward grandeur, otherwise the country only rises to shew trackless heaths or humble ridges in extended wastes, that have neither variety in their form, nor fancy in their colouring.

NARBORTH or HERBERTH.

The castle is at entering thereto upon the slope, where the town is situated, and shews with good effect. [See plate, Narborth Castle.]

“ A

" A little preati pile of old Syr Rheses given unto him by King Henri the 7th.—*Leland*.

" Sir Andrew Perrot builded the castel of Herberth, in Pembrockshire, and placed there a garrison of Flemings that were sent into that Shier".—*Vide the Life of Perrot*.

Here are two or three decent inns for refreshment, some shops of trade, and there is a tolerable market for provisions; but very few inhabitants of fashion in all the neighbourhood.

From Narborth a road leads through Templetown and Bigelly to Tenby. Templetown is supposed to take its name from having been the situation of a public hall or mansion, once raised for the common use of the antient nobility, &c. of these countries, who resorted hither for the diversions of hunting, hawking, &c.

The stone on much of the adjoining coast, and of this neighbourhood, produce the finest lime for manure, or the use of builders; the quarries are of great depth, and the stone is of such delicate grain and colour, that much of it is exported and used in architecture; it is commonly called by the English builders Welch Marble. At Bigelly, James Child, Esq. has a neat mansion.

NARBORTH

NARBORTH to HAVERFORDWEST.

Robeston Wathen is about a mile and half from Narborth; looking onward from hence the prospects are much improved by the subjects of Taugh, Minweare, and Canifton woods, which border the river Clethy or Cledhew; this last is a branch of the harbour of Milford. A short way farther to the North, is

LLAHADON or LLAUHDEN CASTLE.

It is a noble ruin, and from its likeness to that at Narborth, is likely to be of near the same antiquity. [See plate.] It is the property of Miss Skirm, whose dwelling is in the little village adjoining.

Most of the remaining districts of Pembroke-shire are enriched by the habitations of persons of fortune and fashion: a road northward from hence, passes the village of Carberston and Walterston to Pentypart, a good mansion of one of the antient and honorable family of the Phillips's, as is likewise Hathock. Paiston is an antient seat of — Pickton, Esq. Doleabout, near the road, is another handsome house; Llangridge, Coleby, and Witson, are others.

S L A B A T C H

Is on the borders of that part of the haven or creek which is sometimes called the Swords,
it

it being where the Cledheu falls into it, and Cledheu in Welch, signifies Sword. At this place, in 1301, Wizo, and Walter his son, having given lands here to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, for the recovery of the Holy Land, a preceptory of this order was settled here, which was endowed at the dissolution with 211l. 9s. 11d. in the whole, and 184l. 10s. 11d. clear; it was granted with several other things in these parts to Roger and Thomas Barlow; according to other records, these Barlows resided at Slabatch in the year 1563: some remains of these premises are to be seen, but the features of it have been long defaced. Some way farther on the north side of this river or haven, is

P I C T O N C A S T L E,

The seat of the Right Hon. Lord Milford; whether there was an antient fortification here of that name is not certain—this edifice was raised by the ancestors of the present possessor: it is a very magnificent object; the parks and pleasure grounds are variously elevated, and have agreeable descents to the water, which many ways encircle them; much art and industry has, from time to time, been used to decorate their surface with proper ornaments, but the salt sprays of the Sea, so prevalent on this coast, still prevent the wood of the groves from acquiring grandeur, and it strips their branches of their proper exuberance; the shrubs too and

D d

perennial

perennial plantations appear pressed by it into a formal meanness. In these premises you overlook part of the harbour with excellent advantage, Lanskippen Village, the ferry of Lanskippen, and LlanSKIPPEN House; the last is an old mansion of the antient and honorable family of the OWENS. Mr. Camden gives this description of Milford Haven:

“ The sea on both sides comes a great way into the land, and makes that port which the English call Milford Haven, than which there is none in Europe either more spacious or secure, so many creeks and harbours bath it on all sides, which cut the banks like so many fibres, for it contains sixteen creeks, five bays, and thirteen roads, distinguished by their several names; nor is this haven more celebrated for these advantages than for Henry the 7th, of happy memory, landing here, who from this place gave England, at that time languishing with civil wars, the first signal of better times approaching.”

Other eastern parts of this harbour are sometimes observed in the way to Haverfordwest, which town is almost a continual object to the sight for several miles next the entrance to it.

NARBORTH to PEMBROKE.

Cresselly, in this way, is a handsome modern seat, the property of J. Allen, Esq. besides
which

which nothing occurs worthy observation until entering the village of Carew; which is on the borders of a creek which leads from another part of Milford.

The CASTLE of CAREW

Is a remarkable beauty of art. Arnulph de Montgomery is recorded to be the first person that constructed a castle on this spot; but we are told that he constructed his building only with stakes and green turf. This Arnold was the brother of the Earl of Shrewsbury, who lived in the reign of Henry the 1st; however this and the town were so greatly strengthened by Girald of Windsor, that for a great while he held both against all the powers of the Welch in that quarter, and was able to return their attacks occasionally from his fortress. This Girald marrying Nest, the sister of Gryfith, Prince of South Wales, the Giraldines, so famous in the Irish History, where the fruits of this union.

The Carews, descendants of the above-mentioned Girald, possessed the place for a succession of years, till it was mortgaged by Sir Edmund Carew to Rhes ap Thomas. In the reign of King Henry the 8th, it was forfeited to the Crown. It was some time in the possession of Sir John Perrott, as appears from the following passage in his life :

“ Sir

" Sir John Perrott having govern'd foure yeres as Lord Deputy of Ireland, departed thence in the year 1588, and sailed to his castell of Carew, in Pembrokeeshire, where he did arive accompanied with as gallant a troupe of Gentlemen an serving men, to as great a number as ever followed any Lord Deputy of his fort."—*Vide the Life of Perrott.*

It was again recovered in 1724 to the afore-said Carews. King Henry the 7th is recorded to have been born at this place, though some say it was at Pembroke, which caused him to choose the neighbouring port of Milford for his landing to assert his claim to the Crown. It partakes of the Norman and Gothick architecture.

" Within 2 miles of Llanfeith, on the right hand, I saw the Castel of Carew, repairid or magnificiantly builded by Rhese ap Thomas, it standeth by a creke of Milford Haven."—*Leland.*

LLARENNY HOUSE.

It is on the South side of an agreeable bank that borders the creek of Carew; it is finished from a neat plan, and has its full share of the scanty produce of woodland that assists to ornament these adjoining waters. The proprietor, H. Barlow, Esq. (representative in Parliament for the neighbouring borough of Pembroke) has

has shewn sufficient taste to improve the advantages by a good disposition of it.

Upton Castle, (J. Tasker's, Esq.) is farther on the right. In the 6th year of the reign of Queen Mary, this was the residence of Reece ap Owen, and afterwards it was inhabited by the ancient family of Bowen.

*ROAD from St. CLARE's to ROBERTSON
WATHEN.*

This is a new design; and much is done towards its completion. It will be brought into the great Post Road of South Wales, for it is several miles nearer than the way through Narborth, and has, besides, the advantage of passing through far the most agreeable tract of country in these parts. For much of the way it is called the Valley of Witland, and it every where passes beneath the common level of the country, by which the air is made more temperate, the woods and shrubs are thereby preserved from the ravage of unwholesome winds: those storms to which the sea-coasts are more particularly subject become temperate by their lengthened course hither, and often fall as gentle and refreshing showers.

Several fashionable seats are also found on this Road, particularly Blaencors, the property of Mrs. Scurlock; Llynernwn, the Rev. T. L.
E e Phillips's;

Phillips's; Witland House, late Mr. Adams's; the Vron, Mr. Lewis's; and Trevern, John Beynon's, Esq. The two last join the richest and most beautiful part of the valley.

Near Clirig Bridge, which crosses the River Tave, a Road leads to Llanboidy; from thence it passes Mafguwyne, and crossing the Keanwithy Mountain, it leads to Newcastle. (*See Tour from Carmarthen to Cardigan*).

In travelling these cross Roads the stranger should be provided with a guide, for the natives know very little English; and are besides very sparingly dispersed upon the wide mountains and naked plains, that are every way intervening.

COAST WAY *continued*

through Llanstephan, Laugharne, Tenby, and Pembroke, to Haverfordwest.

Those who are not eye-witnesses to the several subjects, will be likely to remark on the preference I have so often shewn to the sea-coasts of these parts of South Wales through which I have hitherto extended my researches; and I am more persuaded to my partiality by comparing the districts I last described with those which are next to be noticed.

Preparatory to this journey, it is necessary the traveller should be particular to know the hours
the

the tides flow and ebb in the rivers he has to pass. At Llanstephan you are ferried across the river at any time. The river at Laugharne is only passable when the tide is in, though it is forded at low water by such as are acquainted with the channel: but this experiment is by no means safe for strangers to attempt without a guide; in the latter situation they have no danger.

The CASTLE of LLANSTEPHAN

Has far the best appearance from the opposite side of the water, where I have made my drawing; and which comprehends nearly the whole of its remains. It had a complete command of each course of the river; and was built by the son of Uchtred, Prince of Merionethshire, in the year 1138. It was afterwards possessed by the Flemings and Normans, until Lladelth, son of Grifith-ap-Rhys, Prince of South Wales, took it from them in the year 1145, and kept it for some time against all the powers they could raise against him: thence, after various revolutions, it fell to the crown. It is the property of Lord Valentia.

There was an inferior fortification some way higher upon this river, called Castle Mole; and was founded previous to the above, by the before-mentioned Uchtred, Prince of Merionethshire. The scite of this is still evident.

Llanstephan Place, (H. Mears's, Esq.) is an

excellent mansion, upon a pleasant part of this beautiful point of land, being lately re-edified, with much expence, by the present possessor. The village of Llanstephan is of very small consideration, without one tolerable inn. Leaving it for two miles the road is every where elevated for a complete survey of the variegated shores around the bay adjoining, until it descends upon Laugharne.

If you enquire of the inhabitants of this last district for the curiosities of their neighbourhood, a serious relation ensues of the pilgrims' stones in the church-yard of Llanvihangil Abercowen. They are antique grave-stones. Some certain pilgrims, say they, in very early times wandered hither in distress from unknown parts, and failing to find relief, their despair drove them to the desperate resolution of perishing by each other's hand; and here it was effected, to the last man, who entombed himself by fixing a stone of great weight in such a manner that his own strength might give it action, to enclose him alive. The stone thus described, by being laid with less care than the others, or by some accident, appears in an uneven posture, with which circumstance they corroborate the legend. The sculpture of them is said once to contain emblematical devices of several trades of which they were said to be professors. They are now nearly overgrown

grown with turf : the parts I could distinguish are specimens of the most rustic sculpture in stone.

LAUGHARNE.

Here are several neat houses, some of which have been raised for the accommodation of strangers who have been drawn hither by the attractions of the place. Others are possessed by resident families of fashion and fortune. There is a tolerable market for provisions, and a convenient port for small vessels, by which there is considerable trade with Bristol, &c. The town is nearly enclosed by fruitful eminences of different elevations ; some next the water have their sides decorated with small gardens, which are formed upon the different precipices, between the cliffs, and upon the steep ascents, with ingenious industry. They are singularly productive, and the walks that wind among them comprehend the best views.

If the inhabitants here were provided with proper conveniences for strangers who visit these coasts for sea-bathing, they would certainly find their account in it.

LAUGHARNE CASTLE

Was anciently called the Castle of Abercoran. Before the Conquest, it belonged to the Princes
of

of South Wales, which, with Rock Castle, the remains of which are a short way from hence, passed by marriage with a daughter of the Prince above-mentioned, to Sir Gwydo de Bryon, who erected the present church of Laugharne, whose arms, which are the same with those of Inchiquin, are to be seen to this day. On his decease, the estates descended to his grand-daughters, Philippa and Elizabeth, the latter of whom possessed this Castle, and who marrying Owen Laugharne, Esq. of St. Bride's, Pembrokehire, he changed the name of these demesnes from that of Abercoran to his own, which it has retained ever since,

In this castle; in 1172, King Henry the Second kept his Easter, on his return from Ireland, when he made peace with Prince Rhys, of Denevour. A short time before the battle of Worcester it was besieged by Cromwell, against whom it held out for sixteen days, and then surrendered. It was defended by Sir Sackville Crew and Morgan Lloyd, Esq.

The following I have copied from a real survey, taken by order of Queen Elizabeth :

“ CASTLE of LAUGHARNE—The castle or pyle itself hath at the entrance into it a stronge new gate, over which are faire chambers, with lights of free-stone hewed toward the said utter court, the whole building of which castle is contrived

trived compasswise from the said entrance about a little inner court of free-stone, and ten yards compass, in the midst whereof is a very proper fountain with a stately round staire of hard lymestone wrought, and a porch over a parte thereof leading into a faire hall, and the upper end whereof is a great dyneing chamber, and within the whole building a great number of lodgings and offices faire and fitt for such a pyle.

“ The same hath been a very antiant castle, but utterly decayed, till about fourteen yeare past, when Sir John Perrott did re-edify the same, and allmost fully finished it, but now many of the windows as well within as without doe moult away by force of the weather and badness of the stone, and the whole castle, by reason of the bad building thereof, without excessive chardges, is like within few years to turn to utter ruin again.”

It is now the property of Miss Ravenscroft, daughter of Colonel Ravenscroft, who has a handsome house adjoining, and who has by ingenious device made the whole a proper appendage to his present dwelling; the out-fences of it are compleatly repaired with proper battlements, and are excellent shelter for his early fruits; the spacious wastes between the ruined piles are laid out into a garden ground that proves singularly productive, and the terrace gives a pleasing view

view of the whole premises and harbour adjoining.

LAUGHARNE to TENBY.

After leaving Laugharne and passing another branch of land like the one described, from Llanstephan, the traveller reaches Laugharne Sands, and if he takes the proper time of the tide, he travels upon those and others equally firm and dry, to Sanderfoot, which is within three miles of Tenby, but this passage is only to be effected after the ebb of spring tides; at other times the course is stopped by two points of rocks called the Ragwin and the Telpin; at other places he is perhaps prevented making his way by numberless huge fragments, which at different times have been shivered from the vast stone masses which are every where looking indignant on the sea, and when it appears to press them with loudest vehemence, they seem most distinctly to express the confident command, "Hither shalt thou go and no farther; here shall thy proud waves be staid."

Some parts of the land between these rocks sink with the rivulets into pleasant vallies, over which the heights are more or less adorned with shrubs. Those rocks called Gilman Church and the Castle rock are objects of universal admiration,

This

This part of the coast had attractions too for the earliest possessors of the country; Broadway was the dignified possession of Sir Thomas Powel, Bart. Lady Rud, and others of the first opulence; it is now in the worst state of ruin: Westmead was the residence of Sir Sackville Crew, and latterly that of Lord De Montalt, of Iteland; its admirable situation has induced John Vaughan, Esq. whose Lady is daughter to the latter nobleman, to repair and improve it for his residence in the proper seasons for sea bathing: Llanmilla is another good mansion; Sar-wer is another; the latter is admirably stationed for one of taste and fortune to convert into a marine pavilion.

A stupendous rocky promontory, called Monkstone, shuts up the farther passage upon these sands; but travelling a short inland way you have the turnpike which leads from Narborth to Tenby.

One of the rivulets which descends from the higher lands into the sea on this passage, has a very singular subterraneous passage; it sinks into a vaulted way about a mile and a half from the shore, and is no more to be observed until it emerges through a bed of pebbles at the edge of the sea; the stream is always of sufficient strength to work a corn mill: some have explored this extraordinary cavern for several score yards; I have passed it for a short way, but where the day-

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light

light does not penetrate into it, the passage is very difficult and dangerous; it is called by the natives *the Green Bridge of Wales*.

The inland way from Llaugharne to Tenby passes a turnpike called the Three Lords Gate, and Marrow, to Saunder's Foot, &c. and by this turnpike is the passage from Laugharne to Tavernspite.

That portion of the coast which is the westernmost part of Pembrokeshire, breaks into several forked points of rock, and upon the extreme end of one that leads farthest toward the mouth of Carmarthen Bay, is

T E N B Y.

The town itself is small and very irregular, it has been completely fortified, and much of its walls, gateways, and ancient towers are remaining; it was supposed to be first founded by the Elemings, but was since in possession of the Britains, for in 1150 Meredyth and Rhys, in revenge for some injuries the inhabitants of Tenby had done his brother, invested the castle of Tenby in the night, and took the fortress by escalade before the garrison was aware of any danger.

Its fortifications had many repairs in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in the time of Charles the

Landy





the First; but it fell into the hands of Cromwell with but little resistance, owing, as is supposed, to the treachery of the commander of the fortification.

The principal garrison appears to have been on an eastern part of these rocks, on which was a watch tower, with full command of every approach to the place from the sea.

The church is very spacious, and of great antiquity, and there are various ruins about it, with which it had evidently once a connection that gives us great reason to suppose it was once a monastic dwelling of some considerable establishment.

Here was an hospital or Lazarhouse, dedicated to St Mary Magdalene, only free for the King's tenants, under the government of the Mayor of Tenby, of the yearly value of forty shillings; likewise an hospital or free chapel of St. John the Baptist, value 6l.

There is latterly some resort here by strangers for sea bathing, for which the sands are particularly commodious, and there are other conveniences provided them.

The rocks upon this shore have been evidently more convulsed by the action of a stronger sea,
from

from which they produce fresh subjects for those who do not tire with their continual interposition; but this part of the coast being beneath the common level of the neighbouring country, and the whole being so extremely bare of wood, many are at a loss to find subjects to render their equestrian and pedestrian rambles agreeable to them. There are several well-provided inns; the Bull is one that is particularly civil and reasonable.

Several vessels are employed off Tenby in in fishing for soals, turbot, cod, &c. &c. of the former there is great abundance. Mr. Morris, in his book of charts for this coast, says, "that on Will's Bank, in the Bristol Channel near Tenby, there was anciently a very considerable fishery that was used to great advantage; the land marks that led to it being by some means lost, it has not since been made so profitable."

Within about two miles of the town appear the islands of Cauldy and St. Margaret; according to the Monasticon the Abbey of St. Dogmael had this small island of Cauldy by gift of Robert Fitz Martin's mother; and before the dissolution they had a cell here of the yearly value of 5l. 10s. 11d. The road

From

From TENBY to PEMBROKE,

This road is on an eminence, and for some way is nearly parallel with that part of the shore which is eastward from the last described place; between this road and the sea, were three ancient beacons, at nearly equal distances from each other. They had a remarkable good situation for the sight of the midland parts of Pembrokehire far as Priffalla top, the hills of Eggulswrane, Triffgarne rocks, &c. and the whole southern parts of the country; and this commanding view continues more or less to gratify the observer, through most of the way to Pembroke. Lawrenny House, with the river and Castle of Carew beneath, are good objects: Begelly House is on the uttermost part of the hills to the right; near the village of St. Laurence, on the same hand, W. Williams, Esq; has a neat house.

MALABER, or MANABER CASTLE.

It was called by Giraldus, the Mansion of Pyrrhus; and at his time he describes it "to be adorned with stately towers and bulwarks, having on one side a spacious haven, and under the walls to the north was an excellent fish pond, remarkable as well for its neatness as the depth of its waters." There is a very spacious hall remains pretty entire, and is probably a part of the first building; but the outer-works of defence are likely to be those of later de-

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signers,

signers. Their situation, and extent, are particularly shewn in the annexed engraving. It is the property of Lord Milford. A few miles farther, a short way from the turnpike road, is

LAMTPHEY, or LAMPITH COURT.

The origin of this building is unknown, but we find it was enlarged by Bishop Gower, in the year 1335. It was anciently a Lordship, and one of the seats of the Bishop of St. David's, but together with the manor, was alienated from the see, and came into possession of the crown in the reign of King Henry VIII. who granted Lampeth and its manor to Walter Devourex, then a Viscount, but afterwards Earl of Essex. It was sold by some of his descendants to Sir Hugh Owen, Bart. of Orielton.

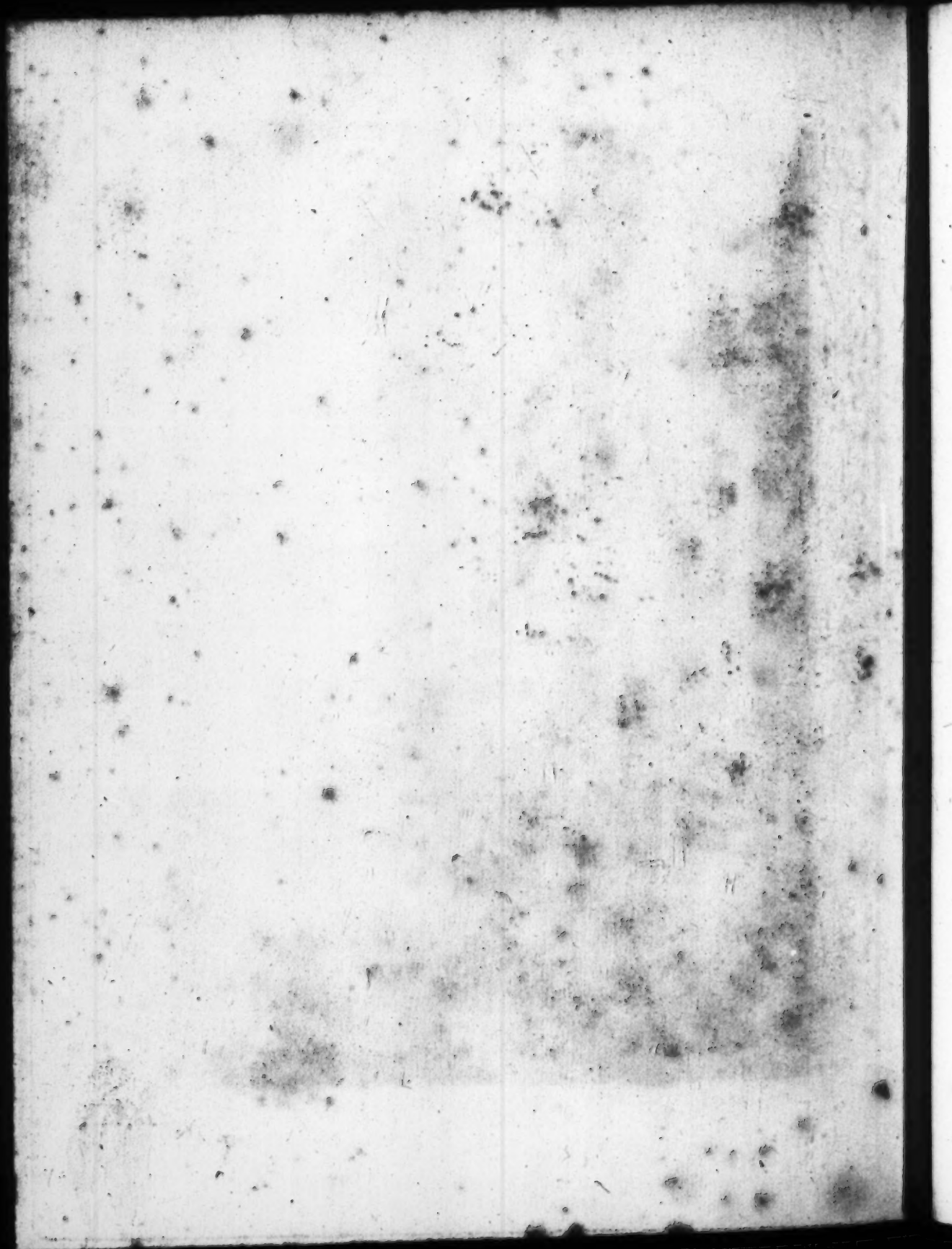
North of Pembroke, near the sea, is a very compleat and noble mansion, sometimes the residence of T. Campbell, Esq; a possessor of very extended property in the Principality, and representative in Parliament for the Borough of Cardigan.

P E M B R O K E.

Monkton is in the suburbs of Pembroke. Arnulph, Earl of Pembroke, in the year 1098, gave the church of St. Nicholas, within his
Castle

Stapwood Court.





Castle of Pembroke, and other lands, to the Abbey of St. Martin, at Sayes in Normandy; here was shortly after a Benedictine Priory erected, dedicated to St. Nicholas, and made a cell to that foreign Abbey; William and Walter Marechal, Earls of Pembroke and Brecknock, were likewise benefactors to it. King Edward III. seized it into his own hands when he was at war with France, and King Henry IV. restored it; but being seized again, it was granted 19th of Henry VI. to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who gave it 21st of Henry VI. as a cell to St. Albans, and the King confirmed his gift in the 27th year of his reign. It was valued, according to Speed, at 113l. 2s. 6d. and according to Dugdale, at 57l. 9s. 3d. and was granted 37th of Henry VIII. to John Vaughan and Catherine his wife.

There was an hospital dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene, near Pembroke, of the yearly value of 1l. 6s. 8d.

" Pembroke hath three gates, by est, west, and north, of the wich, the est gate is the fairest and strongest, having afore hit a compased tour, not rofid; in the entereng whereof is a portcolys ex solido ferro. The castel standith hard by the waul on a hard Rokke, and is veri larg and strong, being doble wardid. In the utter ward I saw the Chaumbre wher King Henri the 7th was borne. In the botom of the great stronge round tower

in the inner ward, is a marvelous vault cauled the Hogan. The toppe of this round towr is gatherid with a rose of stone almost in conum. The top wherof is keverid with a flat mille stone.

“ In the toune be a two parochie chirchis, and one in the fuburbe.

“ Mountain a celle of Black Monkes in the fuburbe, is suppressed.

“ The toune hath bene welle build, and the est fuburbe hath bene almost as great as the toune, but now it is totally yn ruine:”—*Leland*.

Camden hath given the following description of it:

“ At the innermost and eastern bay of the haven, a long cape saith Giraldios, which is extended from Milver Dike with a forked head, shews the principal town of this province and the metropolis of Dimelia, seated on a rockey oblong promontory, in the most pleasant cōuntry of all Wales, called by the Britons, Penvro, which signifies the cape or sea promontory, and thence in English, Pembroke-shire.”

Arnulph de Montgomery, brother to Robert Earl of Shrewsbury, built this castle in the time of King Henry I. which he afterwards delivered to Giraldus, of Windsor, his constable and lieutenant—

tenant-general. This Giraldus appears afterwards to have been besieged therein by all the forces of South Wales; but he and his party made such resistance, that the assailants were forced to retire without success; and afterwards, by improving the fortifications, he was enabled to annoy and insult the neighbouring countries a great way around.

"In regard to the tenure of this castle and town, (saith Camden,) and the castle and town of Tenby, and of the Grange of Kingswood, of Croytarath, and Manor of Castle Martin, and Tregoor, Reginald Grey, at the coronation of Henry IV. claimed the honor of bearing the sword, but in vain; for it was answered, that at that time the castles and farms were in the King's hands; as is also to this day, the town of Pembroke."

The castle is a most superb memorial of ancient grandeur, for it has happily been better preserved from the destructive hands of frugal reformists than most we meet with of equal age. The greatest part of the town-walls are still existing; and the different gates of them retain the characters of strength and beauty. In all these works the Norman taste prevails, though some of them have rare specimens of the early Gothick.

Sir

Sir John Owen, whilst Cromwell besieged Pembroke castle, got together some forces in North-Wales for the King, which the Sheriff would have suppressed; but for his design he was taken prisoner by the former: after this, Owen himself was made a prisoner by the forces of Major-General Mitton.

This place is particularly recorded for its resolute resistance against the furious attacks of Cromwell's most violent force: after numberless assaults against the town and castle, it was delivered up to him on the following terms: Powel, Langhorn, Poyer, and three other principal actors, to submit to the Parliament's mercy; the other commanders, knights, and gentlemen, to depart the kingdom, within six weeks, for two years; the rest to return to their respective dwellings; and the townsmen to enjoy their freedom and liberties. Those that submitted to mercy were afterwards tried as traitors; and at last it was decreed, they should cast lots for the death of one of them: this fatal hazard appears to have fallen on Poyer, who suffered accordingly.

This town particularly abounds with persons of fortune; and is governed by a Mayor, two Bailiffs, and their subordinate officers. The inns of this town are generally found very uncomfortable,

A way leads northward from Pembroke to those parts of the sea-coast that are west of Milford

ford, &c. passing Orial, the handsome seat of Lady Owen: the other districts next this coast are so thinly inhabited, and are so deficient of the common ornaments of nature and art, that little more can be said of them; for the general views are continually producing tedious comparisons to the usual face of the country; and the marine subjects are such as commonly appear in our passage on the coast.

PEMBROKE to HAVERFORD.

M. Merrick, Esq. has a handsome dwelling at the entrance upon this journey. The ascents to his mansion provide the best situations for a view of the town, the river, and adjacent country. He has more wood too preserved on his domain than is commonly seen in the same space. The country continues particularly agreeable all the way to Pembroke Ferry. It is a bed of land formed like a peninsula by two branches of the haven; around the latter are several such portions, divided by the same means: on them decent dwellings here and there are raised; and as they are mostly white, upon smooth grounds of green, they are very conspicuous to every point of view.

I experienced a disappointment in my last journey this way, which, it is proper, all who seek the beauties of Milford Haven, should be prepared

prepared against: that branch which runs nearest this road, which had hitherto appeared to me so strikingly beautiful, had now lost all its attractions; the active waters had withdrawn themselves with the ebbing tide, and there appeared in their place a vast sheet of slimy mud. Though this material is essential to the formation of a harbour for vessels, the landscape suffers essentially by its interference. I have since observed that all the shallow parts of these creeks and rivers near the harbour, are more or less subject to the same sort of revolutions, according as the tide acts upon them.

The ferry, which passes you to Haverfordwest, crosses a part of the principal port, on which there are commonly vessels of different sizes to be seen riding at their anchors; they are every way fenced by a bold shore, and on all sides sheltered with moderate heights of land.

All strangers observe what shameful indifference the ferrymen at this passage and others upon the coast have to their duty. The traveller, however he may be pressed to speed on his journey, is sometimes detained for hours before they will shew regard to his most earnest solicitations. This circumstance is rendered more particularly distressing to genteel passengers from the usual filthiness of the ferry-houses which should

should accommodate them. These difficulties might surely be obviated, if the country gentlemen on whose estates such establishments happen, were to pay proper attention to the characters of those appointed to them; and if such charitable influence were sometimes used by the proprietors of many of the Welch inns, it would save their country from much undeserved prejudice.

After leaving this ferry, you ascend upon one of the highest of these neighbouring plains, from which the river Clethy, Picton Castle, and Llanskipin, are seen on one hand, and the greater Hazon with its terminating points of Dale and Mangle appear on the other; meanwhile the distant mountain of Prisselly unfolds itself with better character from the accompaniments of some lesser grotesque hills that are in proper distances from it.

The country we are now crossing is principally inclosed land, that is, partitioned with fences of stone, earth, and scanty hedge-rows, and the whole is sometimes slightly tufted with spare groves; portions of the land too shew of better quality than is here common, but it rarely pertains of the smiling verdure and abundance which mark the active and experienced husbandman.

H b.

HAVER-

HAVERFORDWEST

was called by the Britains Hwlfordh, and it was anciently fortified by them with great caution; the principal castle or citadel was at the east side, where many tokens of its ancient extent and strength remain: we find it was since fortified by the Earls of Clare, with walls and a rampart; and it is in record that Richard Earl of Clare made Richard Fitz Tankred governor of the castle of Haverfordwest; this latter edifice has been lately converted, with repairs, into a county gaol: it is on the point of a small hill that closely adjoins the town, and it is a noble ornament thereto.—[See Plate.]

There was once a house of Grey Friars within the town, which was granted the 38th of Hen. VIII. to Roger and Thomas Barlow; and there was a considerable religious establishment in the suburbs: some remaining edifices belonging to the latter now shew themselves in some beauty upon the banks of the river a little below the town. Here are also three churches; and it is ornamented with proper public buildings of some grandeur, and many modern dwellings that are erected from fashionable designs: the poor too seem better accommodated here than common, for there is evidently a better spirit for manufactory than is commonly possessed by the Welch inhabitants; and the place being

being situated on a branch of the Havon, they have a very considerable maritime trade. Its markets are large and well provided with provisions; it is corporate, and is governed by a mayor, a sheriff, and two bailiffs.

Mr. Barlow, of Llawrenny, has aimed to obviate the repeated complaints of the exorbitance and incivility of the innkeepers of this town, by establishing a tenant in that situation, of better character; and if the active little Reese will plan his conduct with the proper rules of justice and hospitality, his advantages, though less rapid, will be more certain, and he will feel the best satisfaction from possessing them by those principles.

HAVERFORDWEST to HUBERSTON.

At Marlam Bridge this road divides from that between Pembroke and Haverford, for a direction more northward.

Near Marlam are poor remains of the once sumptuous mansion of *Haraldstone*; in the 32d of Hen. VIII. this was the residence of T. Jones, Bart. afterwards it was possessed by the noble family of the Perrots, and since, it was that of the Packingtons. There has been a striking adverse in the fate of the above Perrotts that challenges our notice; less than three little ages shews it degraded from the highest command of fortune

fortune to the lowest dependance. This humiliating decree upon a numerous race of the immediate descendants from it, was probably incurred by the following biographical incident ;

“ Sir John Perrot, who had been Deputy of Ireland, and done great service there, was yet by the malice of his adversaries, of whom Hatton was one, called in question before the Baron Hansdon, the Lord Backhurst, Sir Robert Cecil, lately made a Chancellor, Sir John Fortesque, Sir John Wolley, and some of the judges : his accusations were, first, that he had spoken opprobrious words against the Queen (Elizabeth), saying that she was illegitimate and cowardly ; secondly, that he had fostered notorious traytors and popish priests ; thirdly, that he held correspondence with the Prince of Parma and the Queen's enemies ; to the first of which he confessed that in his passion he had spoken of the Queen unadvisedly, for which he was infinitely grieved, the rest he denied ; the crimes being charged against him by Popham and other lawyers, he was at last condemned for high treason, but sentence was not pronounced till twenty days after, and yet was not executed, but died a natural death in the tower.” —His portrait, engraved from an original painting by V. Green, appears in NASH's WORCESTERSHIRE.

At

At Tears Cross, which is about four miles from Haverford, a road leads on the left hand towards

HUBERSTON PILL.

Here was once a Priory founded by Adam de Rupe in 1200, when he placed monks in it of the order of Tyron, but they afterwards forsook the strict rules of that order, and became common Benedictines; it was dedicated to St. Mary and St. Badoc, and is said to have been subordinate to St. Dogmael, but was found afterwards to have distinct revenues of its own, of 52l. 2s. 5d. clear; this likewise at the dissolution of such monasteries became the property of the Barlows. At this place a very spacious hotel is completing for the accommodation of passengers in their way between Wales and Ireland. Some new inhabitants too have lately settled, on the design of establishing a fishery on this coast: this laudable purpose is said to have been first advised by the Hon. Mr. Grevil, who has done much in forwarding its completion; notwithstanding which, it still becomes a doubt with the public if his endeavours can properly succeed without the notice of Government.

Huberston is a small town, skirting those borders of the haven that are nearest Huberston Pill. It appears mostly comprised of paltry taverns and ale-houses, wherein the sailors rendez-

vous and idle away much of the time that their vessels are detained in this harbour, by foul winds or from other causes, and where genteel strangers are wretchedly accommodated. There are six mails every week brought from the London post-office, and delivered to packets that are appointed by Government to convey them from hence to Waterford in Ireland, and by which the same number of Irish mails are as regularly returned to this country.

From Huberston, continuing upon the borders of the land towards Dale, the passage is interrupted by a creek which leads to Robertson. Robertson is upon a skreen of land that points to another called Mangle-Point, and forms the entrance of the harbour; there were block-houses erected on each, on the alarm of the Spanish invasion, to protect the passage; but they are now decayed.

A short way from Huberston is

WALWYN or GUALWIN CASTLE. [*See Plate.*]

"Gualwin Castle and Lordship is pertaining to Harfordwest. It longed to the Lord of Northumberland, and now to Perot."—*Leland.*

The earlier legends pronounce it to have been the residence of the Welch Prince Walwyn,

wyn, whose bones they tell you are here deposited. Some genteel residences are on the northern side of the bay, particularly Orlington, J. P. Laugharne; Dale, J. Lloyd; and St. Bride's Hill, W. Phillips, Esqrs.

Upon the western coast of this county there are several small harbours which are passed in a direct way from Dale, Mullack, &c. to St. David's. Three small islands are situated a few miles from this shore, shewing

"Rocks which o'er the ocean wide
Hang prominent, expos'd to winds and waves,
And all the rage of sea and sky endure."

They are called Ramsey Islands, and by Lewis, in his History of Wales, Grefholm, Stockholm, and Scalmy; on them, says he, in the time of the Britons, Justinian lived a holy life, until he was here slain by his own servant. They contain few inhabitants, and those chiefly support themselves by taking of the shell-fish from the parts of the rocks that are watered by the sea, and the marine birds, that every where harbour abundantly amongst the cliffs above.

But the most considerable Island on these coasts is at the mouth of the Severn Sea, near

the coast of Devonshire. It is a particular mark to the mariners bound for the Bristol channel, and used much by the pilots who attend them. It greatly abounds with rabbits and sea fowls, and is so fortified with rocks, that the only entrance is by a single narrow pass: from this circumstance, a single pirate, in the time of King Henry III. is represented to have long defended himself upon it against several forces that were at times sent to dislodge him; committing at intervals the greatest depredations upon the adjoining coasts.—The direct way from

HAVERFORD to St. DAVID's,

Passes Keystone Bridge to Newgal Sands, &c. Near the first mentioned place F. Stokes, Esq. has a neat residence; and upon the same way you observe small remains of

ROCHE CASTLE.

"Without faile is yn Roufelande, the remayne tokens of Cairbois Castell standing by Alen Ryveret, about a quarter of a myle lower than St. David's, on the same Ryveret."

"And sum say that there hath been a Castell at or aboute Port Maur, but the tokens be not very evidente."—*Leland.*

S. DAVID's.

S. D A V I D'S.

This place appears to take its name from St. David, now called the tutelar saint and patron of Wales; who about the year 519, built here a monastery of monks. In 577, after the British Synod for suppressing heresy, he removed the Archiepiscopal See from Caerleon to this place, as to a place of privacy and solitude. He was a disciple of Dubritiou's, descended from Xantus, a Prince of Wales, and uncle to King Arthur: besides his great learning, eloquence, and piety, he was singular in valour and military skill. In a particular conflict on the first of March, between the Britons and Saxon Pagans, the confused foe were represented to have put leeks in their hats, to distinguish themselves from the former; but the Welch being animated by the conduct and courage of their commander David, totally routed their troublesome invaders, and then graced their own heads with the leek of the vanquished foe; from which event this day is honoured by the Welch.

In 810 the Cathedral here was burnt to the ground by the West Saxons. This See is represented to have enjoyed the Archbishopric till about 930, when Sampson (then Bishop) withdrawing from his province, on account of a pestilential distemper which then raged there, carried the pall with him

him to Dole, in Britany; but the Bishops of this See are said to have consecrated the Welch Bishops, and to have been primates to them till the time of King Henry I. when Bernard, a Norman, being made Bishop of it, professed subjection to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishoprick was valued, 26 of Henry VIII. at 426l. 2s. 1d. in the whole, and at 193l. 14s. 10d. clear. There is no Dean, but a Precentor, who has the place and power of a Dean; a Chancellor, a Treasurer, four Archdeacons, 19 prebendaries, eight Vicars, Choral, four Choristers, and other officers: the Diocese is by much the most extensive in Wales.

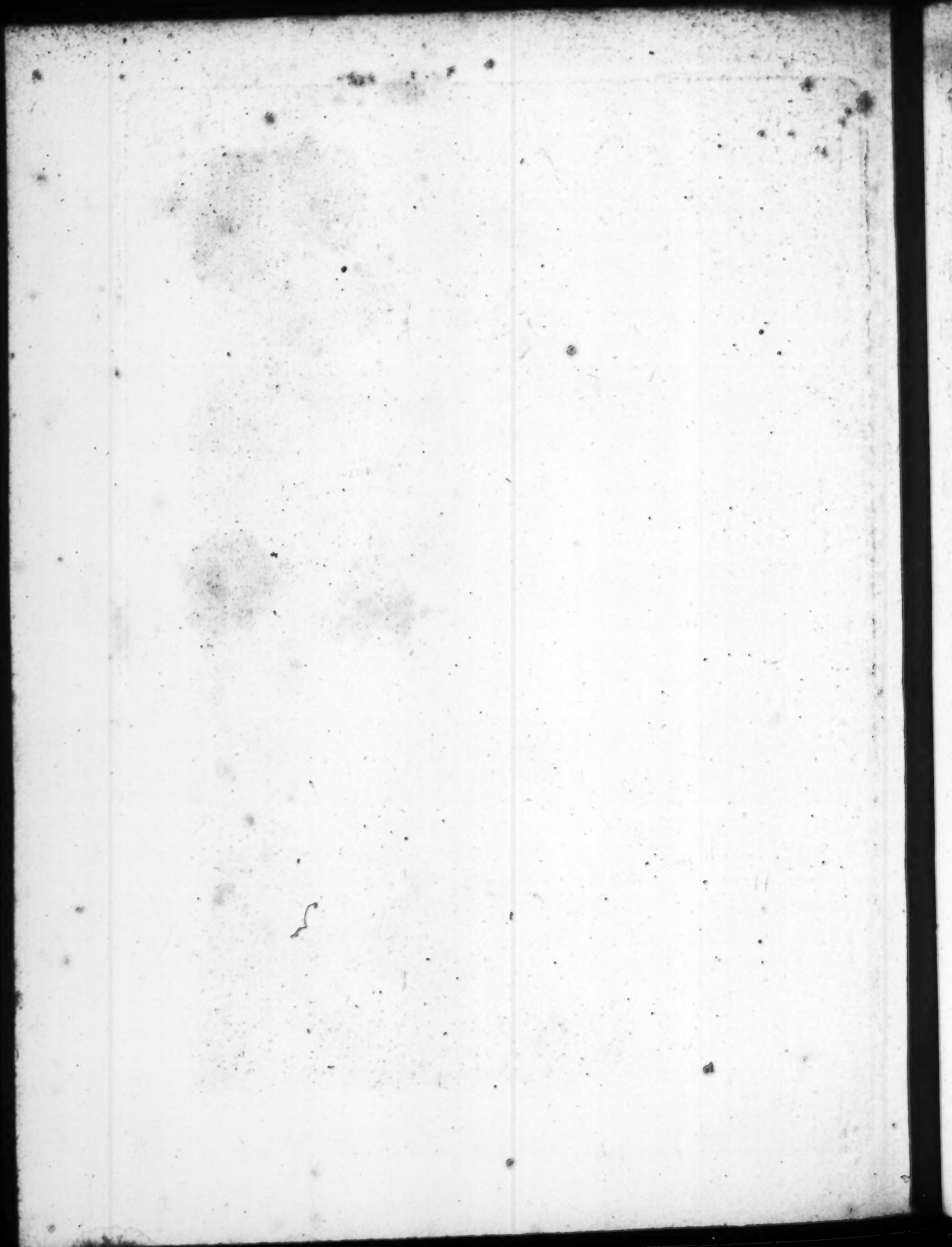
[*For the Architecture of the present Cathedral, see Plate.*]

The dimension from the west door to the east end of St. Mary's Chapel is 300 feet, the breadth of the body and side aisles 67 feet, the length of the great cross aisle, from north to south, is 130 feet, and the height of the tower 126. The foundation having given way, the body of the church inclines a little to the north, but large buttresses are erected for its support. This church suffered much in the civil wars from the Oliverians, who stripped it of its bells; two only are now in the building, and those cracked and almost useless. In the above devastation the monuments were all defaced, and most of them broken, among which were
several



St. David's

Oct 21



several to the memory of its bishops and other distinguished characters.

King Henry VIII. who is said once to have purposed removing the episcopal see to Caermarthen, was prevented accomplishing the design, by being informed that the bones of his grandfather, Edmond Earl of Richmond, son to Owen Tudor, by Catherine of France, were deposited here.

Peter De Leia, who was consecrated Bishop of St. David's, in the year 1176, finding his Cathedral Church very ruinous, pulled down the whole, A. D. 1180, and re-edified the same with a lofty tower in the centre; and it is probable the present fabrick from the west door to the east end of the chancel, was chiefly erected by him. It afterwards suffered much from casual accidents: In November 1220, the new tower fell down suddenly; and in the year 1248, great part of the church was destroyed by an earthquake.

David Martin, who was appointed to the See in 1293, built St. Mary's Chapel, at the east end of the church; and Edward Vaughan, who was consecrated in 1509, built the Chapel of the Trinity, at the east end of the choir or chancel.

The

The palace hath been a very magnificent building. [See Plate.] In the year 1171, King John was for some time entertained here on his return from Ireland; the hall is still called King John's Hall; it is 88 feet long and 30 broad; but since that time the palace has been greatly enlarged by Bishop Gower and others.

But now, alas! all proofs of its eminent grandeur are fast perishing; for the late dignitaries having relinquished the rigid purposes of its founder, for the more social duties of Christianity, their dwellings are rendered useless, and the city, from an early appearance of magnificence, now shews a mean inconsiderable village. It is entirely out of the road of commerce and accommodation, and consequently but little visited.

END OF VOL. I.

